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Little Things

What About Religious Liberty in America?
by Eugene Wengert

A Courageous Clergy

A Revival of the Arts?

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 7 No. 1

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THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Prevention of Future Wars

It was ever thus. In the midst of war, when the casualty lists are growing and the burden of sacrifice is beginning to be felt most keenly, there is a general longing for the end of hostilities. If an armistice were to be declared tomorrow, the delirium of joy and relief that would sweep over the world would be even greater than that of November 11, 1918. There is also a general desire that something should be done to prevent future wars. A very natural desire. But so far in the history of this world no one has yet come forward with a truly war-proof plan. None of the plans that have been proposed in the present instance, whether that of Clarence Streit or that of Ely Culbertson or that by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Each of these depends on eventualities that no one can control or foresee or guarantee. We say it with all due respect to the minds and motives of their authors.

When this war is finished a general war weariness, to say nothing of financial inability, will likely mean peace for some years to come. But what then? Nations, like down-and-out individuals, have a way of getting back on their feet, and a way of forgetting very quickly the wounds of the past. "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be"; but after the sickness is over, then what? Or does any thinking person believe that we have at last found a way of getting jealousy, hatred, envy, greed, and other evils out of the world? As long as they are present with us, there will be wars. Or are we going to delude ourselves into believing that we Americans have found a solution? Mr. Willkie seems to expect us to believe that when he wrote in an article in

Look: "History has proved that war cannot be prevented merely by the exercise of power. We must develop something new and different—and fundamentally American." These words sound fine and patriotic, but what do they mean? They flatter us indeed, but how do they sound to other nations? Wasn't it Germany that embarked on a program of giving the world a new order—a German one? Or suppose the words had been spoken by an Englishman—"something new and different—and fundamentally British"—how would we feel about that? We fear that Mr. Willkie will not get far in the prevention of future wars unless he can be more specific.

To our way of thinking there are certain things that must be fundamental in any plan for war prevention. There must be a sincere desire among the nations for permanent peace. There must be a wholehearted willingness to enter into confidence that justice will be exercised toward all nations alike. There must be a general recognition of equality among the nations, so as to rid the world of the *Herrenvolk* idea in every form. If these fundamentals could be accepted, then it would not be too difficult to agree upon some plan of joint co-operation in maintaining the peace of the world. But will these fundamentals be acceptable to all? They have not been in the past. What is there in the present situation that would indicate that the nations will be ready to do so in the future?

Our New Allies

THE declaration of war by Italy against its erstwhile friend and Axis-partner, Germany, can scarcely be met with anything but cynicism on this side of the Atlantic. Very obviously, the Italians are up to their usual game of aligning themselves on the side of the apparent winner just in time to get a share of the spoils. That was their maneuver in World War I. They repeated the performance in the Spring of 1940, when a German victory seemed certain, so that Mussolini felt quite safe in plunging the dagger into the back of prostrate France. That time, however, Italy guessed wrong, so that now Vittorio Emanuele and Marshal Badoglio must hastily repair as much as possible of the damage done by Il Duce and try to save something out of the debacle which has befallen Italy.

It is utterly incongruous, however, that the United Nations should now accept as "co-belligerents" those who but a short time ago were shooting American boys and whom we justly denounced as representatives of a

cruel and tyrannous way of life. It is distressing that we should now have truck with such discredited leaders as the Italian King and Badoglio, whose past records stand out in black antithesis to the ideals and principles espoused by the democracies.

Did not Vittorio Emanuele give *carte blanche* to Mussolini's Fascist dictatorship in 1922? Did not Badoglio preen himself over the title of "Duke of Addis Ababa" after the conscienceless rape of helpless Ethiopia? Did not the House of Savoy lend its prestige to the alliance with Germany and to Italy's unprovoked and despicable attacks on Albania, Greece, and France? Yet they, wonderful to relate, are now our co-belligerents!

Are we, or are we not, fighting an ideological war?

Murder Comes First

THE war has been crowded out of the headlines of our local papers of late. Its place has been preempted by a truly astonishing series of exotic murders—all heavily freighted with mystery, and all lending themselves admirably to sinister black type and to clever journalese. One day it's a beautiful WAC. The next it's a gay young heiress. The next it's a titled millionaire. If only the defendants weren't so invariably handsome. And if only the victims weren't so consistently beautiful and/or rich. But then—who would deny a hard-working newspaperman a break? Or even an apparently unending series of breaks?

But, through it all, we can't help wondering about what has happened to our sense of values when the earth-shaking issues that are now being decided on the world's battlefronts are shunted into a minor position on our front-pages, just because someone was done in after a family squabble in Nassau or an all-night debauch in Manhattan.

Maybe it's an escape mechanism from the grim and hard realities of war. Or maybe it's just because we are that way.

A Courageous Clergy

NOT all the important news about the Nazi purge in Denmark last summer has been reported in the daily press. Interesting details are gradually coming through. As in the case of the Norwegian clergy when that country was occupied by the Germans, the Danish clergy has also taken a bold stand against orders that were contrary to their Christian duty. We are told that when the clergy was prohibited the reading

of prayers for the Norwegian Church, the Rev. Kaj Munk issued a determined protest, refusing to obey. His protest was signed by many prominent clergymen. Munk and other church leaders, like Dr. Hal Koch, professor of theology at the University of Copenhagen, were arrested. A noteworthy paragraph from Munk's protest follows:

> It is better to damage Denmark with regard to Germany than to Jesus. To compromise with unrighteousness would have dire consequences for the land and for the people. . . . If for fear of men I should sit as a passive onlooker, I should be a traitor to my Christian faith, my Danish mind, and my clergyman's oath.

Heinrich Himmler

It did not take the world by surprise that Hitler a number of weeks ago appointed Heinrich Himmler German Minister of the Interior and *Reichs*-Administrator. Individuals who were in a position to know the situation had predicted long ago that Hitler would be compelled to make this appointment if things got to be too difficult to control.

Whatever respect one may still have had for the chief of the German *Gestapo* must evaporate in the light of Louis Lochner's recent characterization of Himmler:

> Himmler knows but one method of governing: Terror. And all Germany knows that is his method. There isn't a man in Germany or indeed in Europe who is more hated than this Bavarian sadist, who was brought up as a decent young lad by a God-fearing, devout Catholic pair, but who has turned his back on Christianity, scoffs at religion, reinstitutes pagan-Germanic customs, torments the Jews, takes a vicarious satisfaction in the suffering of others, and is responsible for the murder of thousands on thousands of German Aryans, Jews of all countries, patriotic rebels in conquered countries, and even of non-conformists in satellite neighbor countries.

Louis Lochner's analyses of the Nazi régime, to which he repeatedly gave oral and written expression since his return from Germany, have almost without exception proved to be correct. We trust that also his prediction regarding Himmler's appointment will come true, and come true soon. Mr. Lochner writes:

> Himmler's appointment is no sign of Nazi strength. It is a signal that the crack-up is inevitable.

Nov. 11, 1918

"Peace, Germans Surrender! World War Is Over."—These were the headlines which appeared in heavy three-inch type in an extra edition of one of

America's large dailies on Monday, Nov. 11, 1918. Immediately below the headlines follows the announcement of the State Department to the effect: "The World War Ended Monday Morning at 6 O'Clock, Washington Time, 11 O'Clock, Paris Time. The Armistice Was Signed by the German Representative at Midnight." Other bold head-lines on the first page of that newspaper read: "Kaiser Flees to Holland," "Red Flag Flies on Palace Balcony in Berlin," "Emperor William Signed A Letter of Abdication Saturday at German Grand Headquarters in the Presence of Crown Prince Fredrick William and Field Marshal Hindenburg." At the bottom of the page, surrounded by news comments, are pictures of Marshal Foch and his four chief aids: Pershing of the United States, Pétain of France, Dias of Italy, and Haig of Great Britain. In the inside pages of this same newspaper I note these headlines: "The Passing of German Dream of World Conquest," "Dream of World Mastery of Hohenzollerns," "Russ Want Seat at Peace Table," "Allied Fighters, 14,000,000," and "Hoover to Head Relief Work."

That armistice was signed twenty-five years ago this month. Since that time much has happened. Of the leaders who made the headlines in those days only few are still living, among them General Pershing, Winston Churchill, and Marshal Pétain. Yet a quarter of a century was not long enough to stave off another world war, a war of far greater magnitude than the first, a war which the allied powers are finding it tougher and harder to win than the first, a war which will exact a fearful sacrifice of blood and sweat and tears. At this moment ultimate victory is sure though by no means near. As we reflect to Nov. 11, 1918, and wistfully hope for the day when the armistices signaling the close of the present war will be signed, may we entertain the hope that those who are leading the destinies of the Allied Powers will be filled with wisdom from on high to put into execution postwar plans which will stave off another world war for a far longer length of time than a quarter of a century. This hope, we may be sure, will, however, be realized only in the measure in which Christians throughout the world are pleading with Almighty God to grant these leaders that wisdom.

Polysyllabic Profundities

"As long as the thoughts of professors are shaped to the exclusive understanding of a limited group of their fellow Ph.D.'s so that the universities are impene-

trable strongholds of jargon, the masses will naturally prefer the leadership of the demagogue to that of the pedagogue." Thus Cyrus S. Eaton, one of the trustees of the University of Chicago, recently concluded an article in which he excoriated the language used by university professors in their classrooms and in their writings.

In the course of his article Mr. Eaton lists such gems as these: "the elasticity of price substitution," "the germ cells of entrepreneurial and consumer demand theories," "the characteriological development of the child," "overdogmatic mystical epistemology," and others. His reading of recent religious literature leads Mr. Eaton to say, "The language of religion has come a long, if not exactly felicitous, way since the days of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount."

There is a good deal of truth in Mr. Eaton's criticism. Perhaps the polysyllabic profundities of some educators are one reason why many college graduates leave their alma mater with a voluminous stock of abstractions and find it difficult to make the adjustment in ordinary life to the plain and blunt language of the people. It may be recalled that about a year and a half ago President Roosevelt read to a press conference a letter which James M. Landis had prepared for him on the subject of "Blackouts During Air Raids." In the course of the article Mr. Landis had used terms such as "obscuration" and "termination of the illumination." When President Roosevelt read these expressions, he smiled, ordered them to be deleted, and suggested in their place such simple expressions as "hang up blankets" and "douse the light." A few days later the following bit of doggerel appeared in a leading newspaper:

> Then, with grinning approbation,
> said the boss, "This lucubration
> Is a classic refutation that we live in
> mental blight.
> So let's freeze your—uh—creation for
> some doubting generation;
> Use, for now, my rough translation:
> *Hang up blankets. Douse the light.*"

It may be in place to call attention also to Winston Churchill's recent address in which he approved of the Harvard Commission on English Language Studies to introduce the use of Basic English in America. Mr. Churchill expressed the hope that a carefully selected list of simple English words would be compiled for the purpose of enabling non-English-speaking peoples throughout the world to acquire a knowledge of Basic English. We, too, hope that such a list will soon be available, but we should like to see American professors be among the first to make good use of it.

The Evil of Profiteering

CONSIDERING that there is more money in circulation at the present time than perhaps ever before in the history of our country and that the government is finding it increasingly difficult to divert a maximum percentage of this money into the war effort, it is not surprising that unscrupulous and selfish individuals are using the present opportunity to make vast personal profits from the economic situation. These individuals are thereby directly or indirectly impeding the war program and hastening inflation. One of the most loathsome instances of American profiteering at the present time recently came to our attention in an article by Mr. Edward P. Morgan. In this article Mr. Morgan speaks at length about the frightful results of inflation in Mexico and attributes these results largely to United States speculators. The following paragraph is particularly significant:

The United States not only has failed to furnish good example in curbing inflation, but Americans individually have contributed scandalously to Mexico's inflationary problems. Their shelves cleaned of nonessential goods, New York merchants scour Mexico and buy up gloves, huaraches, bags, baskets, costume jewelry, cotton textiles and a dozen other items—all at bonanza prices. Many an American bankroll has drifted down looking for quick change in some new Mexican enterprise, escape from United States war taxes (which is difficult) or both.

New enterprises are rare because of lack of strategic equipment and material. So failing there, the wandering American attempts to buy out some established Mexican business, like a brewery, a cement plant, a textile mill, at a fabulous figure. The sound Mexican industrialist resents this, and neither government considers it healthful. But in planning any attempt to control such capital it is almost impossible to sort out bad from good until after the harm is done; so there is no control.

We have faith in those who are at the controls of the war program. There is evidence that our topmost leaders are truly concerned about safeguarding the economic aspects of the war. We trust, however, that in view of the magnitude of the sums that are in circulation the leaders in our government will use further drastic and stringent methods to curb every manner of profiteering. While millions of men in military service are ready to give their lives for their country and while our administration is making every effort to strengthen the "good-neighbor" relations with Mexico and other American republics, it is base treachery if individual Americans exploit the present favorable economic situation for personal and selfish gains.

A Revival of the Arts?

WILL there be an intensification of cultural activities throughout the world after the war? Will literature and the fine arts flourish more abundantly, more extensively, and more freely after the defeat of the Axis powers? Or does the mind of man work more energetically and more prolifically in turbulent times than in days of peace?

Some of the nations now fighting for their survival never saw fit to throttle and hamstring intellectual enterprise; but the countries in which totalitarianism holds sway have proclaimed and practiced the vicious doctrine that every form of expression must, on pain of prompt uprooting, subserve the interests of the state first, last, and always. Statolatry, as it has been rampant in Germany, in Italy, in Japan, in Russia, and in other lands, has forged, and used, shackles for the arts.

Is it safe to predict that many Germans and Italians will find new, novel and important cultural outlets after they have been liberated from the chains of tyranny? Can one venture to make the same statement concerning the Russians; or will communism, which is, of necessity, thoroughly totalitarian in its very essence, be a thing of the past in the land of Stalin? Will Italy, snatched from the claws of Mussolini, again emerge as a land devoted without let or hindrance to things that make for genuine cultural development?

What about Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries, and the Balkan nations? Will there be a rebirth of the arts in France after the Nazis have been driven out and the authoritarian regime of Marshal Pétain has been overthrown? Will the removal of bloodthirsty Franco from the seat of power carry with it a higher degree of cultural enterprise in Spain? Will Sweden and Turkey, lands in which more than one citizen has been thriving on the war and on cautious neutrality, come to the fore as countries promoting an energetic pursuit of the fine arts more vigorously than ever before? Will our own nation, which has been working and fighting steadfastly, feverishly, and bravely to crush the Axis and to help its many allies in their struggle for survival, experience a widespread revival in the matter of culture after the war?

Let us not blink facts. Pessimism is as harmful to our state of mind and to our cause as unwarrantable optimism; yet the terrible havoc wrought by this frightful world-struggle will not disappear from the earth the moment the victors gather about a peace table to dictate terms to the van-

quished. Wars leave much ghastly suffering in their wake—suffering that lasts for years and years. Who will deny that revolutions will break out in more than one part of the globe, that unscrupulous and self-seeking men will try to worm or fight their way to positions of influence, that there will be shouts for vengeance from here and from there, that one group will move heaven and earth to lord it over the other, that there will be a mad scrambling for the profits accruing from the reconstruction of devastated areas, and that politics conceived and born in selfishness and in filth will play its games actively, impudently, and, in many cases, successfully? Millions upon millions of men, women, and children will look forward eagerly to a globe-wide application of the principles laid down in the Atlantic Charter; but will they live to see a complete realization of their hopes?

It would be folly for us to delude ourselves. There will be turmoil in this sin-infested world long after the making of peace. There are many who believe that the arts thrive best in times of stress, many who contend that hardships and struggles have a tendency to beget artistry of the highest order. If they are right, there will, in all likelihood, be a great revival immediately after the defeat of the Axis powers. In fact, that revival may be taking place and gaining momentum even now. If, on the other hand, the piping days of peace serve the cause of culture more effectively than trouble and turbulence, we may have to wait for years before we see a vigorous and world-wide revivification and rejuvenation of the arts. At any rate, all open-minded men and women have realized by now that the greatest single foe of culture is totalitarianism, no matter in what land or under what name it rears its hideous head.

Basic English

BASIC ENGLISH is having its little day in court. In some quarters it's taking on the characteristics of a full-blown fad. Winston Churchill, you know, gave it a boost in a speech which he delivered two months ago at Harvard University.

It's true that the Prime Minister of Britain stressed the value of Basic English as "an international language"; but, strangely enough, there are some who believe that "about 650 nouns and 200 verbs or other parts of speech" *can, will,* and *should* shelve a large part of the English language as it has grown and flourished in the course of centuries.

Surely, neither Mr. Churchill

nor the Cabinet Committee he has appointed to "study and report upon" Basic English can cajole themselves into the notion that an emasculation of our language will fittingly serve the cause of literature. Would a Shakespeare have forced his way to greatness if he had been hamstrung by a vocabulary of less than a thousand words? Isn't it logical to declare that he'd have become a Shakespeare of an entirely different kind—if he'd have developed into a Shakespeare at all?

Look at the recently published and widely discussed translation of the New Testament into Basic English. You won't say, will you, that it's one whit simpler than the King James Version even though it strives painfully to use short words and does away with archaic expressions? And you couldn't, by any stretch of the imagination, call it one-tenth as beautiful as the King James Version, could you?

The ardent champions of Basic as a literary language forget that a large number of words with varied and various meanings and shades of meaning enables writers and speakers to put color and life into what they say. Furthermore, there's the matter of rhythm—rhythm in poetry and rhythm in prose. Haven't all masters of the pen set great store by rhythm—consciously or otherwise? And what, pray, would the Basicites do about rhyme?

A large vocabulary doesn't mean, of necessity, that you must be highfaluting in your speaking and writing. Homer wasn't highfaluting. To this day no one has excelled him in simplicity of expression. Yet Homer had a large vocabulary. Shakespeare wasn't highfaluting. Yet Shakespeare used thousands of words—many of them containing more than two, three, four, five, or six letters.

Mr. Churchill is himself a master of the spoken and the written word, and there's no danger in saying that he wouldn't for one moment want to couch his books and his speeches in a medium as colorless as Basic English. He, of all persons, ought to know that the very fact that it's called Basic English won't keep it from limping, stumbling, groping, stuttering, and beating about the bush as noticeably as the inept heaping-together of words which the Basicites like to refer to as big.

Yes, thousands of our fellowmen go through life with a vocabulary consisting of less than a thousand words. Some of them become rich, and now and then one or two of them gain fame. But don't they miss a great deal in the course of their pilgrimage on earth? Maybe they never know *what* they miss; but is that a reason why you and I should deliberately and foolish-

ly rob ourselves of countless pearls in that priceless heritage which we call the English language?

Is it fair to assert without further ado that the mere number of letters in a word always determines its simplicity or its non-simplicity, its intelligibility or its non-intelligibility? Maybe it does for lazy men and women; but do you and I want to be lazy?

Let Basic become a makeshift international tongue if such a thing is possible in this world of strife and envy; but let's not delude ourselves into believing that it will ever make a mark for itself as a literary language. It's far too crude and far too helpless for that. The very fact that a living language is always subject to growth, change, and development speaks more powerfully against Basic than any argument one could put on paper. Why let stagnation take the place of life?

But let's stop worrying. Basic English is stillborn.

A Great Churchman Passes

THE cause of Lutheranism, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, sustained a severe loss in the recent death of Dr. Michael Reu, noted theologian of the American Lutheran Church. Readers of THE CRESSET will remember Dr. Reu's two brilliant articles on "The Open Bible and Luther." We intend, in an early issue of THE CRESSET, to pay more adequate tribute to this distinguished churchman and scholar.

Venture the Combat

Venture the combat, Gladiator of God!
Bare to the test of Satan's steel
Invincible armor! March and fight,
Fired by the song of angels singing
the priceless accession of a singing soul!

—JAROSLAV VAJDA.

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Little Things

At this season and latitude each year life slowly begins to move indoors. . . . Day after day the wind from the North is a little colder, doors open and close more quickly, and the house becomes a haven from the grey rain sweeping down the street. . . . From the window over my stairway I can see only one leaf on the maple still waiting patiently for the weight of the snow. . . . Students dash from one lecture to another, their heads bent against the wind, as if they were eager for more knowledge. . . . One could, I imagine, build a good case for the idea that all important thinking and learning in the history of man has to be done in latitudes far enough from the equator to allow for these days of cold winds and sudden rains, the perfect companions of warm libraries, fires on the hearth, and books under lamplight. . . . Since the present is unfriendly and dark in the world as well as in my town, it is easier, in fact almost imperative, to turn to the past embalmed in the silent books along the wall. . . . From now until March life will be bounded by walls and closed doors, by snow and quick darkness. . . .

These, then, are the days and months of little things that may be great. . . . There is only an occasional glimpse of the world beyond the door, the frosty nights, the wheeling stars, greater in number than on the murky nights of summer. . . . The present enters only when I turn the knob on the box at one end of the room or when at 5:30 in the afternoon a dull thud near the front door announces that our newsboy is still able now and then to throw our local gazette with some degree of accuracy. . . . More often, by the way, he, too, has been affected by the law of supply and demand. . . . There was a time before Hitler when my paper, day after day, would land squarely on the porch.

. . . If it did not, my link with the outside world embodied in a small boy would dismount from his bicycle, muttering and mumbling, and rescue it from whatever corner it had landed. . . . Now, however, in the consciousness that he belongs to a rare species and that many of his companions have been promoted to soda jerking and clerking in Miller's Grocery, he tosses my paper in the general direction of my house with contemptuous abandon. . . . It may land in the scrubby bushes at the corner or in the middle of the walk and I must hunt for it as I once hunted Easter eggs in far and better days. . . . It is possible, of course, that the present arrangement is better for both of us. . . . It creates a balance between our respective tasks and there may be some ironic value in the fact that I must go through a period of hide and seek before I settle down in the chair, unfold the paper, and discover that we do not know how to govern Italy or what the Russians will do or when Germany will crack or how strong the Japs are or what's going on in the Balkans or how long prosperity will last after the war. . . . It has always been difficult to acquire knowledge; that some of the same difficulty should now attend the acquisition of additional ignorance seems to me to be significant and valuable. . . . Perhaps the knowledge of our ignorance is important after the long years in which we knew too much for our good. . . .

Sometimes, however, the paper brings something of more than negative value. . . . Yesterday it reminded me that on November 19 it will be eighty years since a gaunt man with darkness in his eyes stood up at Gettysburg and made a speech. . . . There was irony in the occasion on that November day and it has persisted for four score years. . . . Although he was President of the United States, he was not the principal orator of the day and his words were barely heard. . . . It is one of the great ironies of history that his words have now become immortal, an indicative and imperative of faith and hope. . . . The *Chicago Daily News* describes the scene:

> A grotesque figure of a man, draped in wrinkled and dusty broadcloth, faced a weary audience surfeited with hours of oratory and hymns, and, in a none-too-pleasing, none-too-vigorous voice, uttered 266 words. They were heard by comparatively few of the thousands assembled; appreciated by few of those who managed to hear them. His speech was so short that it was over before many realized that what he was saying was not just an introductory passage but the entire speech.
>
> He began with the words:
>
> "Four score and seven years ago—"

He closed, less than four minutes later, with the words:

"That government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from this earth."

There was a burst of applause as he finished; but apparently little more than the automatic tribute accorded to any utterance of the nation's Chief Executive. The benediction was pronounced, and the ceremonies dedicating the Gettysburg national cemetery were ended.

Abraham Lincoln left Gettysburg depressed, feeling that his address had been a humiliating failure; but his words were printed in time in the newspapers. Some of those who had heard his words were haunted by the memory of some of the phrases or cadences, quoted snatches of it from memory, spoke of it to others as a remarkable speech.

A little thing that has become great with the years. . . . Held now for a few months in the confining hand of winter, I hope to find time to see other little and lasting things. . . . The pattern of the shadows on the wall, the play of firelight on the andirons, the protesting crackling of a new book, the roar of the wind from the North, the sound of driving rain, the faces of young friends who have come back from the corners of the world, the letters from men in Italy and the Solomons—these are sufficient material for the long winter ahead. . . .

It got off to a good start last night with Alexander Woollcott's posthumous volume *Long, Long Ago*. . . . He was no doubt the greatest story teller of our time. . . . He had a curious way of finding the significant in the apparently meaningless and the great in the small. . . . As our minds begin to turn toward the little Manger and the town of Bethlehem, it may be well to recall his essay on going home for Christmas entitled "Hoof-Beats on a Bridge." . . . Who has not had the same experience in the years when Christmas and home were synonymous?

What ticking off of the days on the calendar as the time grew near! Then at last the arrival at the railroad station after dark on Christmas Eve, with home only five miles away. I could always find a hack—it would smell of mothballs and manure and the driver could usually tell me how many of the cousins had got there ahead of me. A dozen or so, maybe. Then the jog-trot in the deepening darkness with one eager passenger inside—hungry for home and no longer counting the days or even the minutes. By this time I was counting the bridges. I knew them by heart. Three more. Two more. At the next if I sat forward and peered through the window I would see the house through the leafless trees, every window down the long front agleam with a welcoming lamp, each light a token of all the loving-kindness that dwelt under that old, shingled roof. Then the

long slow pull up the drive. Before I could get out of the hack and pay the driver, the door would be flung open and my mother would be standing on the threshold.

Small wonder I like to be busy at Christmas. Small wonder I feel a twist at my heart whenever at any time anywhere in the world I hear the sound of a hoof-beat on a wooden bridge.

Woollcott will be remembered for his ability to catch the little things. . . . There are, for example, his remarks concerning the mysterious way in which a face will suddenly stand out in a crowd at a railway station or in a busy street. . . . Woollcott points out that such an encounter is sometimes like a moment out of eternity. . . . He quotes a letter from a friend which is singularly appropriate for 1943:

One day in 1916, I was standing in the Strand waiting for a chance to cross, without losing life or limb, when I noticed a young officer standing beside me fiddling with a walking stick in that indefinite way that blind people do. I was about to offer him my arm when I heard a voice on the other side of him, doing just that. The voice came from a pocket edition of a man, resplendent in brass hat, red tabs, and crossed swords on his shoulder. He was about fifty years of age. The boy was about twenty, with one small pip on his shoulder. The general led him across, with me tagging along behind. When we reached the other side, the boy fished in his pocket until he dug out six-pence, which he pressed into the other's hand. Red Tab looked bewildered for a moment, but quickly pulled himself together. With a grand clicking of heels and the most perfect of stiff salutes, he murmured with tears in his voice, "Thank you, sir."

Still with little things which have become important through the years. . . . 460 years ago on November 10 a son was born to Hans and Margarethe Luther in the little town of Eisleben, Germany. . . . Since so many things in the modern world started with that boy, I have resolved to devote more time to him this winter. . . . I am sure that he has something to say which is well worth careful attention. . . . We must, for example, have a clearer and better definition of freedom in the years to come before we can climb away from the edge of the abyss. . . . The heresy of freedom without responsibility lies buried with my friend Ed in Hawaii. . . . Our Bill of Rights must be paralleled by a Bill of Duties. . . . Martin Luther knew that: "A Christian man is a most free lord of all things and subject to no one; a Christian man is a most dutiful servant of all things and subject to every one." . . . "I will give myself as a sort of Christ to my neighbor, as Christ has given Himself to me, and will do noth-

ing in this life except what I see to be needful, advantageous, and wholesome for my neighbor, since through faith I abound in all good things in Christ . . . that thus the strong member may serve the weak, and we may be sons of God, thoughtful and busy one for the other, bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ.". . .

As Martin Luther's birthday comes I am indebted to a little parish paper for a selection of sayings which could well be editorialized in my newspaper tomorrow afternoon:

A scorpion thinks, when his head lies under a leaf, that he cannot be seen; even so the hypocrites and false saints think that, when they have hoisted up one or two good works, all their sins are therewith covered and hid.

A man who depends on the riches and honors of this world, forgetting God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holds a fair apple in the hand, of agreeable exterior and seemingly sound, but which within is rotten and full of worms.

No greater mischief can happen to a Christian people than to have God's Word taken from them or to have it falsified, so that they no longer have it pure and unadulterated. God grant that we and our descendants be not witnesses of such a calamity.

The forgiveness of sins is declared only in God's Word, and there we must seek it; for it is grounded on God's promises. God forgives thee thy sins not because thou feelest them and art sorry; for this feeling sin itself produces; but He forgives thy sins because He is merciful and because He has promised to forgive thee for Christ's sake.

When Luther was at Coburg he wrote to a friend: "I was lately looking out of my window at night, and I saw the stars in the heavens and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the great Builder had fixed this arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and the great arch stood firm. There are some who are always feeling for the pillars and longing to touch them; and because they cannot touch them, they stand trembling and fearing lest the heavens should fall. If they could only grasp the pillars, then the heavens would stand fast. . . ."

And so into the winter of 1943. . . . It ought to be a profitable time in at least one tale that is told. . . . It will not be in the headlines, but it will be good and perhaps, under God's eye, of some small use to tomorrow. . . .

A keen legal mind considers one of the Republic's great problems—

What About Religious Liberty in America?

EUGENE WENGERT

THE concept "to preach the Gospel" must receive a reinterpretation in the light of the current tendency from individualism to totalitarianism. For in spite of the emotional ideology of democracy, the insidious enlargement of the idea of the state grows apace, and the freedom of religion is apt to become a mere memory. But the concept of religious liberty is nonetheless the very quintessence of individualism. Destroy the one, and the other ceases to exist. Thus the recognition of the two opposites must forearm the Church and forewarn the state.

In this bicentennial year of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, it might be very profitable to give some serious thought to the ominous signs of the times. Although Jefferson was a true product of the Age of Reason and of the Enlightenment, the Church should nevertheless cherish his endeavors and accomplishments. While his fight for the adoption of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom cannot be said to have been motivated by a desire for religious toleration and freedom, yet he firmly believed that religion and politics would mutually profit by disestablishment. For him the Church in politics meant intolerance, not so much in matters of religion as in matters of politics. In reality his contest was primarily directed against the Church and for the state and not for the Church against the state.

That neither churchmen nor statesmen foresaw the beneficent consequences of the steps he advocated is no discredit to either. But I do think that churchmen are making a serious mistake in historical accuracy if they now proceed on the theory that Jefferson was their protagonist. The implications of such a false inference might easily prove disastrous in the impending contest. The Church neither inspired nor advocated a separation from the

state, as we understand it in America today and as it was until recently understood in the western world. That blessing by Providential design came from the naturalistic agnostics of two centuries ago.

Furthermore, Jefferson was too completely immersed in the natural law and rationalistic philosophy of his period to understand that the Church was anything but intolerant. Politics was his passion, and his teachers were men like Locke, Montesquieu, Puffendorf, and Rousseau, who were determined to create a new philosophy of state. These men, and not churchmen, had come to recognize the new *raison d' état* in nationalism, state sovereignty, and the principles of natural right. In fact, all of these men believed that the state and man had not attained their full stature and had not fulfilled their true destiny as to liberty, equality, and the rights of man because of the intolerance of the Church.

I appreciate that the churches like to claim the merit of having brought about the disestablishment of religion. But I seriously doubt whether the claim can be sustained, either on the basis of historical facts or on the basis of their religious tenets. The mere fact, for example, that Jefferson was acquainted with Luther and with his "Liberty of the Christian Man" at the time he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and generally with Lutheran theology, does not justify the inference that he, therefore, wrote and acted as he did, but rather the inference that he was acquainted with history and the practice of the Church. Furthermore, as a student of history, he was also acquainted with the doctrines and practices of the Presbyterian Kirk as they were enacted and expressed in Scotland by Knox, Goodman, and Cartwright. The "Bloody Assizes" in England under Judge Jefferys were only two generations removed from him. Here, then, were living examples of intolerance advocated and practiced in the name of religion.

Jefferson

To contend, as some have, that Jefferson was only interested in removing the dead wood from the statute books of Virginia wholly fails to understand the controversy which raged around him during the succeeding generation for his action and attitude. One need only recall the bitter fight in Congress when he offered his library of ten thousand volumes to the United states after the British had burned the Capitol and destroyed the Library of Congress. The fight did not center around the price, but revolved around the fact that there were atheistic books in his large collection. For Protestants

generally, and Lutherans in particular, to assume that the "Liberty of the Christian Man" motivated Jefferson's philosophy and view of politics, is to forget that the passive obedience doctrine of the Lutheran Church and Jefferson's revolutionary principles are simply not compatible. A quotation from Professor Sabine will tend to make this clear:

> Luther's stress upon the pure inwardness of religious experience inculcated an attitude of quietism and acquiescence toward worldly power. The submissiveness of the Lutheran Churches, with a suggestion of mysticism, is sharply in contrast with the type of religion that developed in the Calvinist churches where worldly activity and even worldly success figured as Christian duties.
>
> Nothing certainly was farther from his intention than to make the government the judge of heresy, but in effect the power that enforces also defines. In the event, therefore, Luther helped to create a national church, something which he would certainly have regarded as a religious monstrosity.*

Then, too, it could not have escaped his observation to see in what *impasse* the Lutheran Church found itself on the continent in the eighteenth century over against the states and governments of that day because of the divine-rights-of-kings theory.

That Luther did not advocate separation as we understand it today, legally and constitutionally, does not imply the slightest reflection on the perspective of Luther. For him, or for anyone, to have thought two hundred years ahead of his time regarding social institutions would have been nothing short of Utopianism. What does involve a lack of vision is the fact that the Churches in their adherence to the doctrine of passive obedience assumed that things were to remain in a static condition. The realization that the Church in its external relationships, no less than other social institutions, is subject to the processes of history has come only very haltingly. This reluctance to admit the possibility of change, I fear, prompts the attempt to claim Jefferson for the Church, and denies the law of social dynamics. Nevertheless, the possession of the eternal truth does not immunize the Church against the infections of its social environment.

The Church and Change

HOWEVER, unless churchmen have a long-range vision and an intelligent appreciation of the seemingly blind forces motivating the thoughts and actions of society, the Church is in imminent danger of sacrificing its spiritual leadership. Had the Church in the time of Jefferson demanded libera-

*Sabine, *History of Political Theory*, page 360.

tion from politics and the state, instead of the state and politics demanding liberation from the Church, it would be in a powerful traditional position to maintain its group independence and direct the moral conscience of the masses. As it is, it received its bill of divorcement from the state, and like the bondwoman was driven into a moral wilderness. This does not mean that a new union between Church and state is to be advocated; for that would only repeat the bloody mistakes of history. The implications of power, whether residing in the state or in the Church, are a constant threat to liberty of conscience and freedom of religion. And thus the state, having rid itself of its mentor, now assumes to monopolize the whole area of human relationships by virtue of its power. It does not operate upon the conscience of men; it operates by the power and sanction of its fiat. The Church cannot assume, in the light of history, that its status will continue to be respected, as it has been in the past, for the simple reason that the objectives of the modern state merge the individual in its own totality.

It must be recognized by the men of the Church and the leaders of government that a fundamental transformation of the ideals, thoughts, and mores is in progress. The masses have deserted the former gods of their fireside and are following after new and strange gods called leadership, efficiency, economic security, nationalism, and the great god "state." This is not a sudden and spontaneous phenomenon bursting forth out of nothing. It only appears so in the person of a Hitler or Stalin, because the meaningful and germinating signs of the times were thought to be but obnoxious parasites on the body of its political host. What churchmen did not appreciate in the appearance of this phenomenon is the application of the biological law that the parasite upon the body politic and economic, no less than upon the body biologic, will in the end strangle the host, leaving but a lifeless shell.

The Church's Danger

IN my candid opinion, the greatest threat to the legal and moral position of the Church today is the current idea of "the welfare state." Necessarily, "the welfare state" must operate within the area of temporalities. Charities, the prevention of human suffering, social security, high standards of living are all amelioratives, but unfortunately they have come to be synonymous with the fruits of applied Christianity, outside of the functions of the Church, and to that extent have displaced the Church. Thus the Church has in

the popular mind come to hold the position of a mere supporting agency of the state, which the latter may abolish at its pleasure and convenience. In this view a social gospel must inevitably follow, or a conflict with the ideology of the masses and the new ideals of the state, expressed in economic determinism, communism, and totalitarianism.

THE Church must not forget that it is not a social institution invented by the imperatives of organized society. It is above society and yet pervades society. The members of the community also are found within its membership. It stands as an independent entity to which its members owe allegiance no less than to the state. This dual allegiance in its very nature cannot be divided mathematically, whereby one segment is for the Church and the other for the state. Each allegiance is complete and all-embracing, pervading the whole area of the individual, the whole status of the member, all his thinking, loyalty, and relationships. While ordinarily the capacities and obligations of this duality are sympathetic and harmonious, nevertheless conflicts are inevitable, because the line of demarcation between the functions and objectives of either is not always clearly traceable. However, the decision to trace the line must be the right of the individual, and upon that judgment neither the state nor the Church may transgress.

The great merit of Luther consists in freeing the individual from the mediatory office of the Church and placing him in direct relationship and responsibility to his God in matters of faith and salvation. In contrast to the medieval Church, where the *corpus Christianum* constituted the totality, as personified in the Pope, the Church of the Reformation placed all the emphasis on the individual, making him a free personality. In this conception is found the basis for the social and political system of free individuals, of the rights and dignity of man as a social being, and of his legal and political relationship to the state as his agent. To the law, whether in the form of a written constitution or resting in legal tradition, the individual owed a superior allegiance and was accountable to it for all his actions. There was no personification of a superior transcendent totality in which he lost his subjective being and individuality. This conception of the political individual has lost its vitality in the thinking of the masses.

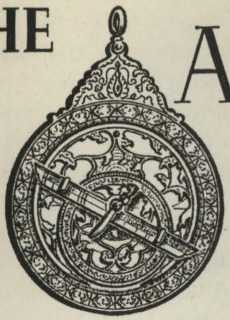
It seems to be a law of social dynamics that once the death sentence has been pronounced upon a social and political system and its institutions, no amount of

glorification of the past and no glowing promises for the future can obtain a reprieve and avert the execution. Every age, measured by the time of history, produces its own peculiar moral values and standards. In the epoch just passing, it was the dignity of the political individual and his rights measured and protected by political and legal standards in his relationship to the state; in the age before us, economic considerations are emerging into dominance. The state assumes the responsibility of satisfying the urges and material wants of men. The biological man, not the moral man, is the focal point of the state's attention, and thus the functional relationship of the individual and the state has been inverted. The state as the transcendent totality measures its obligation by material and not moral standards, not even legal standards, because the areas of economics and ethics are not measurable by the same functional and legal criteria. Therefore it is futile to assume that the Church is in a secure position, that religious freedom will not be infringed by the state, and that, if the Church remains free from the affairs of the state, it will not be limited in its rightful obligations and purposes. But, after all, the Church is a group within the totality, and constitutions can rise no higher than the sovereign source of their authority.

To believe that the position of the Church is secure by reason of the first amendment of the Constitution is an oversimplification of the history of human conduct. The first amendment is not an absolute concession made by the state to the principle of religious freedom and thus in a sense giving to the Church equal rank and right with the state in its sphere of activity. There is a reservation of power in the sovereignty of the state that the Constitution, even as to religious freedom, does not suspend or grant. That power is generally designated the "police power" of the state. This power is inherent in the very idea of state. Any state without this power would be anarchical and chaotic, and would lack the power of self-preservation against the forces that might tend toward its destruction or disruption. Thus, freedom of speech, also a fundamental provision of the first amendment, is not absolute. The term "freedom" is relative, and this relativity extends to the state in its sovereign police power as a totality in which the individual as well as the group is to be absorbed under the new philosophy of state.

[*To be concluded*]

THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

PARSLEY AND WATER CRESS

They had to come to it. They have come to it. They are beginning to eat the parsley placed on the edge of the meat order. We used to look upon it as a garnish pure and simple. Only some hardy souls would eat the little sprigs of parsley, and these would do it furtively, knowing that there were plenty of people around who would consider the eating of parsley as much of a shock as would be the eating of the little frilled paper panties put on pork chops. Or slicing one of the candles into one's soup. Who would eat parsley! Well, they are beginning to eat it now. I have seen a rather distinguished-looking middle aged lady without any particular ado and without even glancing around, pick up the parsley from the edge of her plate *and eat it.* Pretty soon they will begin to eat the water cress, served with your steak or fish order as a garnishment. Also the cress I have often seen returned to the kitchen with the remnants of food, untouched. Think of the millions of bushels of water cress wasted in this manner through a single year of prosperity! No one who has seen water cress grow in its native surroundings will treat these sprigs merely as ornament to be cast out with the refuse. Water cress grows only in clear, cold, fast water. When I see it on the plate, it calls to my mind Shanghai Spring in the heart of the Ozarks, called "Blue Spring" by the natives of the valley of the Big Piney. The spring comes forth a full-grown creek out of the bottom of a steep cliff. You look thir-

ty feet down into a hole fifty feet wide, brimming with water so clear that its color in any shade of daylight is a deep blue. The spring wells over its bank on one side and swift as an arrow seeks the Big Piney, flowing over a rocky bed which is on both sides covered with water cress. You wade out and collect the tenderest sprouts under water. There is no other edible plant that grows in such a medium. The water is, to the touch, cold as ice, and it is chemically pure and void of all bacterial life, having been filtered through some twenty miles of limestone. Where the cress gets its pungent flavor is one of the insoluble mysteries of nature. By the old herbalists it was recommended on account of its anti-scorbutic properties. That is to say, it is a specific against scurvy, being rich in Vitamin C. I suggest to the reader when he next has a bunch of water cress served with his veal chops, that he eat it with the full consciousness that he is enjoying a vegetable of wonderful flavor, is acquiring a supply of the vitamin which will add to the strength of his bones, and is thereby performing a patriotic duty and praising the Creator for His gifts.

Fancy anyone asking a blessing upon the meal and then throwing out the parsley and water cress!

WHEN THE LAKES ARE BRIM FULL

Lake Michigan's blue waters are at one of the highest levels in history, and the menace of that mighty force in a possibly stormy autumn is causing the shore dwellers to hasten measures of protection.

Engineers have sounded the warning. They have cautioned the population from Waukegan to South Chicago and the near-by dunes, the towns, the park authorities, the industries, the lake-front apartment and house owners of the Chicago area, to get ready for trouble if a northeast storms looms and the swollen lake gets added momentum for an assault upon the shores.

The level of the lake is at an all-time high. Really, it is only a foot and a half above normal level, but that small rise, due to heavy snows last winter, a rainy spring, and less evaporation than usual in the entire lake region, multiplied by the area of a lake five hundred miles long and eighty miles wide, amounts to many millions of gallons and, with a good stiff wind coming from the north, is apt to cause trouble to the works of man along the southern shore line.

Already many small beaches have vanished—they are covered or eroded. Waves have swept over

bulkheads and knocked on the doors of apartment buildings. At some street-ends in Chicago pavement has been ripped and undermined.

I record this on the strength of the story told in the Chicago newspapers. It reminds me of an earlier period, when the lake was at a high level and caused trouble to the embankment of what is now downtown and what was then the city of Chicago. The story was told me by one of the lawyers who is handling the business of the Illinois Central Railroad. It seems that the Illinois Central had requested of the City Council permission to come in on the east bank of the south fork of the Chicago River. There was some dispute about the exact location of the proposed right of way. About this time the maintenance of Michigan Avenue, which was then the shore line of the city, against the pounding of the waves, especially in the months of autumn and winter, gave the city fathers much concern. One season, when the lake was at an unusual height, the waves had eaten into the pavement of Michigan Avenue to such an extent that the repairs cost thousands of dollars. The mayor of the city—his name escapes me—was kept awake one night by his worries about the city's lake front, and then a brilliant thought occurred to him. Instead of bringing in the Illinois Central along the south fork of the river, he would propose to give it a right of way along the lake front. This would compel the railroad to keep the lake off its roadbed and thereby safeguard the paving of Michigan Avenue forever after! Overjoyed, the Council unanimously approved the scheme and thus presented the Illinois Central with one of the most valuable railroad properties in the entire world. Since it was given this entry to the head of Michigan Avenue on Randolph Street and miles down the lake front, a strip of land six hundred feet wide, it is in possession of a large area of Chicago property not only superbly located for freight and suburban traffic but with a potential value greater than all the roadbeds and rights of way of the Illinois Central, from Chicago to New Orleans and points west and east, all the station and freight buildings, all its rolling stock of passenger cars, freight cars, and engines, and the million items of machinery and equipment necessary to run a big railroad—all added together do not equal in value (so my lawyer friends tells me) the strip of land which the Illinois Central owns on the Chicago lake front. All due to a season when the lake was

brim full and gnawed at the shore line of Illinois and Michigan.

THROUGH THE SPINDRIFT

Dr. Karl Kretzmann extracts this from the April, 1942, Bulletin of the New York Historical Society: "His (Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, 1866-1942) chief hobby was collecting *astrolabes* and he assisted in financing publications on this subject while his prize possession was the one used by Samuel de Chaplain on his early American explorations." Dr. Kretzmann adds the following note: "This Hoffman was a son of Dean Eugene Augustus Hoffman of the General Theological Seminary (Episcopal), N. Y., a descendant of Martin Hoffman (ancestor of F. D. R.) who collected funds for the first Lutheran Church building in New York City." . . .

The war has supplied what most experienced teachers would declare an impossibility, a new and good explanation for absence from class. It was given recently to Dr. Marion E. Bunch, associate professor of psychology at Washington University, as he finished teaching an evening class which meets once a week. "I'd like to tell you why I wasn't here last week," said the student, a member of the armed forces stationed at a St. Louis airfield. "I happened to be in Australia that night." . . .

Figure it out yourself:

A T/5 named Joe staggered one day into the *Stars and Stripes* office, fumbled around in his field bag and came up with a sheet of paper. "Look, fellers," he said, "I been doin' some figgerin', see, and the way I look at it . . . . Well, see, Roosevelt was born in 1882, an' he got elected in 1933, an' he's held office ten years, and he's 61 years old.

"That all adds up to 3,886.

"And if you divide it by two, waddya get—1943.

"Does it mean anything?"

The *Stars and Stripes* dug out some reference books and decided to pass this table along:

	Roosevelt	Churchill	Stalin	Hitler	Mussolini
Born	1882	1874	1879	1889	1883
Took office	1933	1940	1924	1933	1922
Years in office	10	3	19	10	21
Age this year	61	69	64	54	60
Total	3886	3886	3886	3886	3886

Does it mean 1943 is THE YEAR? Or can you figure out an explanation? . . .

"*Gustavademecum* for the Island of Manhatten" is available from the author R. B. Sosman, 117 W. Dudley Ave., Westfield, N. J., at 50 cents. Sosman gives a uniquely detailed tabulation of 323 eating places in the city of New York. Having in mind his engineering and scientific friends, he has often included interesting and amusing comments on many other matters, such as cordiality of reception, the intelligence quotient of the waiters, the quality of the other patrons, and estimated noise level in decibels, even the illumination in foot-candles. . . .

At Kansas City a young housewife asked Groceryman Jack Brisboise for a peck of seed potatoes. "I know nothing about gardening, but I'm going to start a victory garden," she said. An hour later she returned with a platter of sliced potatoes. "You've made a mistake," she complained. "I've cut all of these potatoes open and there's not a seed in any of them."

At Indianapolis an unnamed young toreador functioned in the recapture of a steer that impersonated a bull in a China shop and Ferdinand smelling the flowers, and his return to the stockyards. The 1,000-pound animal, escaping from the yards of the Capital Packing Company, invaded a flower shop and after terrorizing the clerks and taking a few sniffs strode into the China Repair Shop, where it wrecked a dining-room table. Possibly the first time in history that the "bull in the China shop" has become a reality. The steer was stopped by a young man from Plainfield, Ind., who used the unorthodox tactics of hanging onto its tail, scrambling to its neck, and staying there.

God's Finger

Rachel will not be comforted this night
When even Rama's empty streets convulse
With sobs. Salvation has been put to flight—
And Herod reigns, God's finger on his pulse.

—JAROSLAV VAJDA.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste

An Apostate

S. C. For a number of nights I've been having exasperating attacks of insomnia. You'd say, of course, that my sleeplessness is a direct result of the curious fact that in our last two conversations I've agreed with you more often than I've dissented from your world-shaking pronouncements.

A. Doesn't it always irk you when the still, small voice of sound reasoning bids you forsake the pathways of muddled thinking? Sacred cows are exceedingly stubborn. Remorse lays hold upon them they've lapsed for a moment or two into clear-headedness. As a result, they have sleepless nights.

S. C. What would *you* do if you couldn't sleep? I'm inclined to believe that *you'd* take comfort in the "soundness" of your reasoning, and I'm sure that your unbounded self-assurance is potent enough to send you posthaste to the land of dreamless slumber as soon as your apostatic body, saturated as it is with Pharisaism of the first water, hits the hay. As for me, I seek refuge in reflections on music whenever, for one reason or another, Morpheus boggles at gathering me into his arms. While tossing hither and yon on my bed of late I've been devoting a great deal of hard thinking to much of what you've been saying, in your pontifical manner, about the power of suggestion in music; and I've reached the conclusion that it would be unwise to pronounce you entirely innocent of what, for want of a more polite term, I shall call muddle-headedness. Have you ever heard of onomatopoeia?

A. Yes, I remember that word from my high-school days. Do *you* know *what it means?*

S. C. In language it refers to words that imitate natural sounds.

A. You're right, Mrs. Cow. But can't the term be used with reference to *combinations of words* that give a representation, *more or less accurate,* of natural sounds?

S. C. It can.

A. I think I know what you're going to say next. You'll tell me, I'm sure, that when a composer uses tones to imitate the cackling of a hen, let's say, or the crowing of a rooster, he needn't be concerned about the power and the magic of suggestion.

S. C. You're talking sense now, Mr. Apostate. Now let me quote chapter and verse in order to disabuse you of some of your warped notions. Have you ever played or heard Jean-Philippe Rameau's delightful little clavier composition called "The Hen," and have you ever listened to the lusty crowing of chanticleer in Camille Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre"? Tell me, my cocksure Mr. Apostate, does your pontifically vaunted magic of suggestion play any role whatever in impressing upon the listeners exactly what the composers succeeded in representing when they employed those two crystal-clear exemplifications of onomatopoeia?

A. I'm more than ready to admit that one needn't have a high intelligence quotient to grasp almost at once what Rameau had in mind when he wrote "The Hen" and to understand immediately what Saint-Saens strove to depict in tone when he used the oboe to imitate the crowing of a rooster I'll go even further than that Have you ever exposed your sacrosanct eardrums to Ottorino Respighi's orchestral elaboration of Rameau's "The Hen"? It's a part of the famous Italian's suite for small orchestra called *The Birds.* Here the effect is far more realistic than it could ever be in Rameau's little composition for a keyboard instrument. Respighi has the violins, the clarinets, and the oboe do the clucking and the cackling. For good measure he adds, at the end, a vivid suggestion of the crowing of chanticleer himself.

Yes. Mrs. Cow, I know that there are numerous examples of onomatopoeia in music as well as in literature. Think of the other parts of Respighi's adroitly scored suite. In the prelude, which is based on a composition by Bernardo Pasquini (1637-1710), you hear a hen, a cuckoo, and a nightingale; in "The Dove," after the seventeenth-century composer, Jacques de Gallot, there's cooing to burn; in "The Nightingale," founded on a tidbit from the pen of an anonymous English musician, you'll find a song which comes close to being intensely realistic; and in "The Cuckoo," after Pasquini, you'll hear imitations of the cuckoo's call—imitations,

by the way, at which even the most expert among flesh-blood-and-feathers cuckoos wouldn't throw stones.

You said that you've been subjecting your brain to much hard thinking in the course of the attacks of insomnia that have been descending upon you. Have you, by any chance, thought of a composition in which, if you've been properly orientated, you're able to hear the buzzing of a great fly?

S. C. Are you referring to Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Flight of the Bumblebee"?

A. No, Mrs. Cow, I'm talking about a fly, not a bumblebee.

S. C. I must admit that I don't know of any composition in which you can hear a fly buzzing.

A. You're putting grist into my mill, Mrs. Cow. Would you accuse me of revealing a deplorable lack of gallantry if I told you here and now that you've listened to that particular composition many times and that you've often heard that fly buzzing even though you've never realized that it *was* a fly?

S. C. Are you trying to make my insomnia worse?

A. More and better insomnia is good medicine for sacred cows. Haven't you listened time and again to the overture which Mendelssohn wrote to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream?* You *can't* say no, and you *won't* say no. Don't you recall a rapidly descending scale passage for the 'cellos? That passage, my dear, is a vivid suggestion of the buzzing of a great fly in the *Schönhauser Garten.* Here Mendelssohn made use of an onomatopoeic device, and you, a princess of the blood among sacred cows, have never noticed it. Doesn't this prove to you beyond the shadow of any bovine doubt that even expertly devised onomatopoeia depends, to a large extent, on the power and the magic of suggestion?

S. C. I'll listen carefully for that 'cello passage the next time I hear a performance of Mendelssohn's overture. If you've been telling the truth about the composition, I'll eat crow.

A. Don't bother about the crow. I'll give you something far more substantial to chew on, yes, even more substantial than that quasi-sacred cud of yours. Have you ever heard a donkey bray in music?

S. C. Are you referring to the hee-hawing of the burros in "On the Trail" in Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite?*

A. No, at the moment I wasn't thinking of that vivid example of onomatopoeic writing; but I do have in mind a composition which you know, I'm sure, even better than you know Grofé's artfully scored suite. In fact, Mrs. Cow, I direct your attention once more to Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Do

you recall the passage in which Mendelssohn alludes to Bottom by giving a reasonably accurate facsimile of the braying of an ass? That, too, is onomatopoeic writing; but it's onomatopoeic writing which most listeners, including nearly all sacred cows, fail to grasp unless they've been properly orientated.

S. C. Maybe I'll have to eat two crows.

A. Forget about eating one crow or two crows, and let's listen once more to the crow of a rooster. You've heard it again and again in Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Golden Cockerel,* haven't you?

S. C. I have, and the song is always clear and vivid. Rimsky's imitation requires no orientation on the part of the listener.

A. Perhaps you're right; but what would you say if I told you that the crowing of a cock is cleverly imitated by Bach in the *St. Matthew Passion?*

Immediately after Jesus has said, "Verily, I say to thee that in this night, ere the cock croweth, ev'n thou shalt thrice deny me," the evangelist intones the words, "Peter said to Him," and the setting of those four words conforms, in broad outline, to the crowing of a cock. Scholars have long been wont to speak of this and similar Bachian devices as symbolism; but don't overlook the fact that you can have symbolism combined in skilful fashion with onomatopoeia.

The nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo which we hear at the conclusion of the second movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* aren't as realistic as sticklers for accuracy would like to have them; yet, given the proper orientation, they serve their purpose well thanks to the power and the magic of suggestion.

Did a consideration of Beethoven's somewhat crude attempt to imitate the song of a nightingale induce Respighi to call for a *recording* of the bird's notes in the third part of his *The Pines of Rome?* One wonders. The Italian achieved realism to the n'th degree, it's true; but the pundits aren't agreed that what he did was wise or effective. Ernest Newman, the erudite British critic, declared that "the tame nightingale . . . . did not communicate the expected thrill" and ventured the explanation "that realism of this sort is a trifle too crude to blend with music." The late Lawrence Gilman "resented the appearance of a real nightingale's song as much as we would resent an artist's expedient in sticking real leaves on a painted tree in a landscape." Olin Downes, however, declared Respighi's novel device to be "a pretty effect, especially when it is heard in the slow movement with the delicate and evanescent tone-tints that the composer provides."

S. C. My insomnia will undoubtedly be worse after this conversation. I can see now that even onomatopoeia often depends for its effectiveness on the power of suggestion and that it's not always as plain or as tangible as the nose on your face.

RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Trio No. 7 in B Flat Major, Op. 97 ("Archduke Trio").* Artur Rubinstein, pianist; Jascha Heifetz, violinist; Emanuel Feuermann, 'cellist.—Here Beethoven soars to glorious heights, and the playing of Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Feuermann is impressive because of its crystalline clarity and its spine-tingling eloquence. Victor Album 949. $5.78.

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ZURBARAN

peasant painter of Spain

No man portrayed the Spanish clergy of his time so well as Zurbaran. They are truly alive in his paintings—"from the eloquent and learned theologian to the simple, saintly brother with the poorly trimmed beard; from the prince of the church, smiling and well treated by life, to the poor liverish monk, corroded by fears of after-life; and finally to the essential mystic weakened by penitence, and imbued almost with a touch of magic" (Espasa) (see No. 4, 6 and 7 of this series).

On the other hand he had a very singular conception of the holy women whom he pictured (as in the picture of Santa Casilda [No. 1] and Santa Rufina) attired in quite archaic magnificence, of demure carriage, strong and youthful, beautiful and haughty—but none would say that they are the Virgins of the legends, but rather the titled ladies who were the artist's own contemporaries.

Zurbaran's portrait work is also very excellent and some of it may well stand comparison with the early work of Velasquez. For years the artist was unable to abandon his shrill contrasts between light and dark. He works through a mostly dark foreground into a background flooded with light (see No. 6 of this series). Later in his life—possibly under the influence of Murillo —his chiaroscuro becomes almost too soft and indistinct. Besides Ribera, Zurbaran is probably the greatest colourist among the Spanish artists of the XVII century. His deep colours have maintained their intensity to the present day.

CRESSET PICTURES

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Musee du Prado, Madrid

The Prayer of the Virgin
The Hermitage, Leningrad

The Infant Jesus Sleeping on the Cross
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National Gallery, London

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Little Masterpiece

THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH. By Katharine Butler Hathaway. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. 1943. 237 pages. $2.50.

THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November, is a rare and wonderful book, and its author, Katherine Butler Hathaway must have been a rare and wonderful person. All those who read this book will feel a personal loss in realizing that Mrs. Hathaway died shortly before its publication, for they will become so intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hathaway and so charmed by her sincerity and intelligence that even the most egocentric among them will ask, not "Would I have liked her?" but "Would she have liked me?"

Mrs. Hathaway's prose is so beautifully wrought that, from her first enchanting sentence to the last, the reader is spellbound. The book is autobiographical and recounts the life of Mrs. Hathaway from her invalid childhood to that great liberating moment in her life when she at last found peace and happiness. It was not an easy book to write, for Mrs. Hathaway spares herself not at all. She bares to the reader not only her minor triumphs and small happinesses, but also her deep despair and her fight against being the cute little elfin child that her family and friends in the goodness of their hearts tried to make of her.

When Katharine Butler was five years old, she went to bed in harness and pulley, devices designed to save her the humiliation of growing up to look like the Little Locksmith, the hunchback of her home town, Salem. Ten years later, Katharine rose from her bed, stood before the mirror, and saw reflected there another little locksmith. At that moment began her long, intensely personal fight for happiness. This struggle involved not only a never ending battle against a deformed body and delicate health, but also a heartbreaking fight against a doting family which sought to protect her from the life which she sought so urgently. She tells the story of this battle with such beauty and frankness that when finally she

finds happiness and contentment in buying and remodeling a stately old house in Castine, Maine, the reader basks in the same fall sunlight and with the same feeling of peace as does Katharine.

It was, of course, not the mere purchase of a house which gave Katharine release from bondage and torment. Because of her invalid childhood, she had become much more acutely aware of the beauty surrounding us than does the normal, active child. The chirp of a cricket set her marvelling for hours. A crooked old brick walk filled her mind with mystery and romance. Flowers, silks, pictures, children, in fact, everything she perceived, became meaningful, and it is her ability to convey to the reader the spiritual significance of her world that makes her book so truly rare. In buying a house, Katharine gathered together in one experience the fulfillment of all her inner desires. In her own home she could stand entranced for minutes before a spider-web, a wood carving, a shell. Here she could write for hours without interruption. Here in her own home she was surrounded by the things she loved; here she could meet her friends, neighbors, and relatives on their own level; and here her personality finally shook off the shackles imposed upon her by her crippled body and the smothering sympathy of her family.

Mrs. Hathaway's art is far more subtle than a mere ability to describe or narrate in lovely words. Although the reader will be charmed by her descriptions of persons and places, he will be much more impressed by her power to make the spiritual and intellectual development of a young invalid the most exciting thing in the world.

The Epilogue to *The Little Locksmith* is one of the most beautiful expressions of gratitude toward God written in this generation. In it Mrs. Hathaway gladly confessed that her search for happiness was not over until the moment she realized it was God whom she needed and whom she sought. It is a rather tragic Epilogue, too, for it gives the reader promise of more writing to come, and now the promise cannot be fulfilled.

Not for many years has this reviewer so reluctantly closed a book. Surely *The Little Locksmith* is one of the masterpieces of American literature.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Militant Parson

A PREACHER LOOKS AT WAR. By Daniel A. Poling. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1943. 101 pages, $1.25.

THIS book is put together of various items. Part One has the heading which has made the title of the volume. Part two has the heading, When Peace Comes. There is a preface by Robert E. Sherwood, a Foreword by A. C. Marts, president of Buckness University, Confession of the Author, and a chapter, entitled, "I Hate War," and at the end there is an appendix of 16 pages, containing such items as the well-known letter of the

Dutch boy, "I Die at Dawn," "Can It Be God's War?", etc. The seventeen articles in the second part were editorials that appeared in the *Christian Herald* between February, 1939, and December, 1942, and are introduced by Frank S. Mead, editor of the *Christian Herald.*

Dr. Poling is one prominent church leader of our age who was not drawn into the net of pacifism. He holds that it is immoral and unchristian as far as he himself is concerned. He realizes that some very fine Christians were, and are, pacifists, but he very sanely argues that if a person accepts police protection for himself, his family, and his property, in the full knowledge that in order to give such protection a policeman may have to take a life or lose his own, he himself is not free from moral responsibility for the officer's action. In fact, as a member of a community he has moral responsibility for every life lost in the use of the police power. He takes issue with Tolstoi's position, who would not use force, nor sanction its use, even to protect the life of a near and dear one. Dr. Poling argues that in spite of such a refusal the individual still has moral responsibility for the unrestrained act, and that he would rather assume physical responsibility for slaying the murderer than to accept the moral responsibility for the murderer's crime. He also takes issue with the persons who defend their pacifism by asking, "What would Jesus do?" That is not the question, but rather "What would Jesus have me do?" Would Jesus have a surgeon do in a case of cataract of the eye what the New Testament states He did? Jesus does not expect me to do what He did. He would not expect me to feed five thousand as He fed them, but He does expect me to do what I can and may toward feeding the hungry.

Dr. Poling by opposing pacifism does not defend war. He hates it. War is not holy. It is the sum of man's inhumanity to man. But there are holy causes. Freedom is holy. It may be necessary to defend it, to fight for it. "Let the Church have no blessing for war, but shame upon us as churchmen if we have no blessing for our sons and no blessings for our government, who in the presence of war defend with their lives our holy things."

A Notable Book

PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1943. 222 pages. $2.75.

Our time has produced a number of notable thinkers who can perhaps best be classified as philosophical physicists. Of these Einstein, Eddington, and Jeans are probably most widely known. The last-named, Sir James Jeans, has published a number of volumes in which he undertakes to acquaint the educated layman with the results of modern physics and their bearing on human thought. *The Mysterious Universe,* his most successful book in point of sale, has run to 375,000 copies. For solid read-

ing matter which requires the use of one's brains, that is a very respectable number of copies; for a popular thriller, of course, which can be read without any brains at all, it would be a calamitously small number.

In *Physics and Philosophy,* Jeans raises the question whether recent results in physics may not have important bearings on some of the persistent problems of philosophy, particularly on the issues of materialism vs. mentalism and determinism vs. free will. He states at the outset that he has no intention of posing as an authority on questions of pure philosophy. This statement is not to be taken as a mere gesture of modesty. Jeans furnishes evidence that he is not quite at home in the philosophic field. Fortunately this fact does not impair the value of his main line of thought.

THE book sets out with a discussion of the subject matter and method of physics and then proceeds to an examination of the nature and method of philosophy. It being found that in the two fields different methods are employed in the search for truth, the question of how we know is next raised and canvassed, the history of thought being laid under contribution for material. The conclusion is reached that the time-honored distinction between the methods and fields of philosophy and science is justified, namely, that the proper tools of science are observation and experiment, while those of philosophy are discussion and contemplation, and that it is for science to try to discover the pattern of events and for philosophy to try to interpret the pattern when found.

Since physics and philosophy are both trying to understand the external world, they should evidently cooperate in their efforts. There are, however, hindrances to such co-operation, due to differences in language and terminology and in mode of thinking. Jeans sets forth these differences as he sees them and argues for adoption by philosophy of the idiom and the mode of thought of science wherever these apply.

Now Sir James takes up the specific subject that led him to write the book. He traces the development of physics from the time of Newton to the present. The Newtonian mechanics, which assumed perfect continuity in physical processes, involved the strict determinism that came to be accepted almost universally in science and widely in philosophy. Newton's mechanics, however, and their extension, the classical mechanics, ran into trouble about the turn of the century on problems connected with atomic structure and radiation. The "new physics," in the hands of men like Planck, Rutherford, and Bohr, made a final attempt to explain the world in materialistic terms, but that attempt failed. All this is traced in considerable detail.

Then came the latest developments in physics, such as the new quantum theory and wave and quantum mechanics. Here surprising results appeared. It was found "that nature does not function in a way that can be made comprehensible to the human mind through models or pic-

tures," the reason being that the ultimate processes of nature do not occur in space and time: only the phenomena that impinge on our senses do. In that case, however, the casual continuity which we observe in phenomena cannot logically be applied to the ultimate events; and experimental evidence shows that it does not apply there. What physics can give us, it becomes evident, can never be more than "a sheaf of mathematical formulae" which apply to the pattern of the events that control the phenomena which we observe. "These will never describe nature itself, but only our observations of nature. Our studies can never put us into contact with reality; we can never penetrate beyond the impressions that reality implants in our minds." "The new physics suggests that, besides the matter and radiation which can be represented in ordinary space and time, there must be other ingredients which cannot be so represented. These are just as real as the material ingredients, but do not happen to make any direct appeal to our senses."

These conclusions obviously have bearing on many philosophical problems. Jeans points out that in their light the question of the place of mind and matter in the universe and the issue of determinism vs. free will need to be re-examined. The basis which materialism and determinism seemed to have in science has been washed away. Further than this Jeans does not go: he is content to have called attention to the situation.

The book is unquestionably an important contribution toward clarifying problems that arise in the borderland between science and philosophy. It also offers the layman a non-technical survey of vital portions of the history of experimentation and thought in physics down to the present. We must confess that we could not see how Jeans arrived at several of his conclusions. This may be due to obtuseness on our part, to omission of some steps in the arguments, or conceivably even to the fact that the arguments are invalid.

Outwitting the Nazis

PARIS-UNDERGROUND. By Etta Shiber, in collaboration with Anne and Paul Dupre. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1943. 392 pages. $2.50.

THE grim exigencies of war have turned this weary world into a topsy-turvy place. Men and women everywhere have been summarily torn from a quiet, settled, thoroughly commonplace way of life and, willy-nilly, have had to adapt themselves to new and oftentimes bewildering and terrifying circumstances. *Paris-Underground,* a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for October, is the simple, sincere account of the manner in which the lives of two women —one an American, the other English by birth but a French citizen through marriage—were changed, unexpectedly and irrevocably, on that momentous day in June, 1940, when the Nazi armies marched into Paris.

When William Noyes Shiber, an American newspaperman, died in 1936, his widow, Etta, closed her

Manhattan residence and went to France to make her home with Mme. Kitty Beaurepos, an old and treasured friend. Comfortably established in an exclusive residential section of Paris, Mme. Beaurepos and Mrs. Shiber looked forward to many calm and happy years together. The outbreak of World War II in September, 1939, did not seriously disturb the serenity of their days, for during the eight months which followed the Nazi conquest of Poland a curious and dangerous lethargy held the French people in a crippling grip. Suddenly and terribly the *drôle de guerre* came to an end. The victorious armies of Hitler swept across the face of Europe with incredible speed and appalling ruthlessness until, on the thirteenth day of June, they were hammering at the very gates of Paris. Within a matter of hours a stream of struggling, frightened humanity had choked and clogged the broad highway which connects Paris with the south of France. For two long days—days in which "the hours were punctuated with unbearable sights and tales of suffering" Mme. Beaurepos and Mrs. Shiber were held fast in this tragic exodus. Late on the third day, preceded by planes which cleared a bloody path for them with bombs and machine-gun bullets, the motorized warriors of the Third Reich closed in on Paris from the south.

Ordered to return to their homes, the weary marchers turned about and began the journey back to Paris. Worn and hungry, Mme. Beaurepos and Mrs. Shiber stopped at a small inn. It was here that their great adventure began. The distraught innkeeper at first rather ungraciously advised them to go on. "There is nothing left," he told them, "nothing." But when Kitty begged for a cup of tea, his manner underwent a startling change. Quickly he ushered the ladies into a back room, carefully locked the door, and breathlessly asked, "You are English?" This patriotic Frenchman had an English pilot hidden away in the inn. William Gray had so far managed to elude the German patrols; but now he was trapped far behind enemy lines. Touched by his weariness and his despair, Mrs. Shiber and Mrs. Beaurepos decided to help him. Fearfully and with little real hope of success they bundled the boy into the luggage compartment of their car.

It was broad daylight when they reached Paris. Not until they were safe in their own apartment did Kitty and Etta realize the full import of their impulsive act.

Here we were, two middle-aged respectable women of sheltered background, with an English pilot on our hands, in enemy territory, and our problem was to find out how he could escape and get back to England. We knew it could be done, but we had no idea of how to go about it.

They found a way—not only to get William Gray back to England but to rescue more than 150 other British soldiers who were either stranded or imprisoned in occupied France. They had the staunch and loyal support of courageous Frenchmen in the operation of their "underground railway."

Inevitably, of course, the *Gestapo* uncovered the conspiracy, and all the

principal plotters were arrested. On March 7, 1941, Mrs. Shiber was sentenced to prison for a term of three years at hard labor. Mme. Beaurepos and Father Christian were condemned to death. For more than a year Mrs. Shiber suffered unbelievable privations in various prisons and prison hospitals. In May, 1942, the German authorities permitted her to be exchanged for Johanna Hoffmann, a notorious Nazi spy who, until she was arrested in the United States in 1938, had operated as a hairdresser on the "Europa." Just before Mrs. Shiber returned to the United States on the Swedish exchange ship, the "Drottningholm," she learned by way of underground channels that the death sentence imposed on Mme. Beaurepos had not been carried out but that the condemned woman had been transferred to an unnamed fortress inside Germany.

Paris-Underground is dedicated to Mme. Beaurepos. In a larger sense it is a tribute to all the men and women who "in France and in other countries suffer, struggle and die under the heel of the oppressor."

Undoing Mussolini's Harm

WHAT TO DO WITH ITALY. By Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1943. 301 pages. $2.75.

ALTHOUGH the manuscript of this book was in the hands of the printers before Benito Mussolini bestowed an incalculable blessing on humanity at large by falling from power, the authors foresaw clearly that *Il Duce* would soon be hurled down from his perch and that then the United Nations, particularly our own country and Great Britain, would be brought face to face with the perplexing problem of how to deal with a decisively defeated Italy.

Gaetano Salvemini and George La-Piana are distinguished historians. They are Italians by birth but American citizens by adoption. Both men are well known in the United States and abroad. They have seen at first hand how the cancer of fascism ate away every vestige of liberty in Italy; and, since, as Italians, they "are acquainted with the psychology and temper of the various classes of the Italian people" and, as citizens of the United States, are convinced heart and soul that "the traditional policy of isolation from European affairs and entanglements works no longer in favor of, but against, our national security and welfare," they have set forth in their book an imposing array of historical facts pertaining to modern Italy as a sovereign nation and to Italy's relations with the rest of the world. Their conclusions with respect to the present plight of the land in which they were born and their views concerning the reconstruction and the reorganization of postwar Italy are expressed with vigor, candor, and brilliant scholarship. The authors are careful, however, to declare that they "speak as private individuals having no brief or commission of any kind except our love for Italy and our undivided loyalty to the United States." There is no idle beating about the bush in their book.

Who foisted the blight of fascism upon the Italian people? Was it done

by Mussolini alone? Did the House of Savoy abet the designs of the would-be Caesar and his fellow-gangsters? Did any of the Italians themselves play hand in glove with Benito? Did the Vatican — which, according to Messrs. Salvemini and La Piana and all unbiased and discerning historians, would greatly prefer an authoritarian regime in Italy to a democracy—look with favor upon the fascist government? Are Britain and certain outstanding statesmen of Britain, particularly Winston Churchill, entirely free from blame? Did any prominent and influential citizens of the United States help lubricate Mussolini's totalitarian machinery by praising the "achievements" of fascism openly and freely?

In recent weeks the House of Savoy has been quick to disavow the blustering braggadocio who ruled Italy with a rod of iron for more than twenty years; but the House of Savoy did not call a halt to the machinations of the upstart Caesar when a mere word from the Royal Palace could have foiled the deep-laid plans of the commander-in-chief of the Fascists. Later on the king gave all manner of aid and comfort to Mussolini. Consequently, he is guilty of rendering material assistance in thrusting the evil of fascism upon Italy. At the beginning of the Mussolinian era Benito needed help from the throne. That help, sad to say, was not denied.

Many of the Italians themselves are guilty of sinking the poison-laden fangs of fascism into the throat of their native land.

Lately the Vatican, headed by Pius XII, who, since the outbreak of the war, "has at various times, and always in the most general terms, assigned the causes of evil to the totalitarian states, to the democracies, to everybody, and to nobody," has been eager to create the impression that the Holy See did not at any time give support to the fascist regime; but Messrs. Salvemini and La Piana prove out of the mouth of more than one pope and on the basis of more than one historical occurrence that the Vatican is by no means free from guilt in this matter. They declare that it is

> indisputable that the Vatican established friendly relations with the Fascist regime from its very beginning and later concluded with it the Lateran agreements, through which the approval of the Church secured for the Duce and his government national and international prestige which would have been otherwise unattainable. When Pius XI expressed the opinion that Mussolini "was the man sent by Providence," the Catholics of the world accepted the papal verdict and, placing Mussolini's name in the special niche reserved for the great benefactors of Christianity, they burned before it the incense of their admiration and gratitude.

The authors point to prominent Englishmen and prominent Americans and quote chapter and verse to prove conclusively that in years gone by Mussolini received encouragement and aid from these men who are now denouncing him as the murderer and the looter that he is. In addition, you will read in *What to Do With Italy* many illuminating statements and

conjectures as to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's dealings with the Vatican through Myron Taylor and Archbishop Spellman. There are thought-provoking discussions about the civil war in Spain, about the pact with the late Admiral Darlan in North Africa, and about the Pétain regime in Vichy. The chapter entitled "The Vatican" should be read and pondered by every student of contemporary history, by Catholics as well as non-Catholics.

Messrs. Salvemini and La Piana are not muckrakers. They are able and conscientious historians — historians who ferret out cold facts without fear or favor and arrive at clear-cut conclusions on the basis of objective judgment. It is their conviction that neither the House of Savoy nor any of those who were associated with Mussolini in his gangster tactics or "played ball" with the arrogant dictator even to the slightest extent should have any part whatsoever in the government of postwar Italy. They want a republican regime in the land of their birth; yet they do not close their eyes to ominous happenings and undercurrents of today—happenings and undercurrents which to some observers seem to foreshadow a vigorous attempt by certain groups and certain individuals to bring about a return in Italy, after the war, to many of the principles and practices of fascism without the fascist label. The authors have faith in the rank and file of the Italian people. They do not despair of the Italian youth; for fascism, as they say "bad as it is, did not transform the Italians into savage brutes or automata of ruthlessness." It is their firm belief that "there is no other school of liberty than liberty itself." They are well aware of the fact that there is an anti-clerical movement in Italy today, and they state frankly:

> The Pope knows well that the Italian people do not accuse the Vatican and the Italian ecclesiastical hierarchy of having caused the present war, but only of having made common cause with the Fascist dictatorship for twenty years, and thus of having a share of responsibility for their suffering and for the final disaster of the country.

Consequently, Messrs. Salvemini and La Piana are confident that Italy will not be able to thrive after the war as she should thrive and deserves to thrive unless a true democracy is established—a democracy which, of necessity, carries with it a complete and clearly defined separation of church and state. Those men in the United Nations who will sit at the peace table at the end of World War II should read and re-read what the eminent and farsighted authors of *What to Do With Italy* have set forth so ably and so pointedly in their extraordinarily valuable book.

Human Chess Game

KATHRINE. By Hans Habe. Translated from the German by Harry Hansen. Viking Press, New York. 1943. $2.75.

A GAME of chess, played deliberately by a charming woman against a confused world, in which opponent she frequently sees herself mirrored —this is *Kathrine.* Habe's novel is typically European in its emphasis on

analysis and its urge toward induction. It is a "whodunit" of the heart.

The theme of the book grows out of the character of Kathrine, who is both her charming self and an incarnation of civilization. As Kathi Stoessl, now the Countess de Hugh, she is devoted to the enterprise of directing her daughter into a scheme of life that will include the social and moral security that her own life was deprived of. But beyond herself she is a symbol of the inter-war struggle of civilization against retrogression and annihilation. The locales of the book are Paris, and, briefly, Vienna, in 1938-39.

By directing her daughter into a good marriage Kathrine hopes to integrate vicariously her own life, which, in society's judgment and her own as well, was broken off by her pregnancy with this child. The fiancé finally selected for Manuela is a son of the man whose mistress Kathrine has been for fourteen years. This man, Bertrand Lacoste, is a great liberal industrialist, who in 1938 finds himself completely bewildered by the general defection around him from his own ideals of paternalistic capitalism and devoted patriotism.

But Kathrine's calm energy and undeviating purpose with regard to her child are doomed to a late and questionable fruition, for, unlike her own generation, modern young people turn out to be indifferent. The reverse of the feverish activity of Manuela's group is a piteous apathy. Her fiancé, one of the few of her comrades to manifest ability and principle, is lost through his own uncertainty and the apathy around him. The confusion of these young people is a part of the general bewilderment: the government dares not order planes or punish traitors; workmen fear to manufacture arms lest these be used against them by their own countrymen in class warfare. In the end only Kathrine and her lover are saved; they are saved through having purpose, purpose toward a goal outside themselves. This goal is symbolized by the immature widowed daughter, whose indifference they may eventually animate.

The blend of girlish uncertainty and middle-aged sureness in Kathrine, the deft fencing of the mature characters, and the lightly satirical mood of the whole make this novel interesting technically, but morally dubious. ALICE R. BENSEN

The Future

PREVIEW OF HISTORY. Raymond Gram Swing. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1943. 282 pages. Indexed. $2.00.

MR. SWING is considered by many to be America's foremost news analyst and radio commentator. This book he calls a "public diary of broadcasts and speeches." After a "prelude," a broadcast of October 18, 1938, he brings his weekly broadcasts from December 8, 1941, to May 10, 1943. Then there are eight speeches delivered at various colleges throughout the country. By way of introduction he has written a detailed discussion of a postwar world based on his own "exceptional facilities for gather-

ing information and particular genius in prognostication," as the publisher's blurb puts it. While many Swing "fans" will appreciate having his broadcasts in print, this reviewer is especially interested in his idea of a postwar world. Looking over this opening chapter, entitled "Realities of a Power Peace," we find the author advocating a great powers alliance between the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China; the establishment of a world court; and the acceptance of its decrees by all. These are the essentials in Mr. Swing's words, for an enduring peace:

> First, a relationship of trust among the Great Powers, all of whom are maturely self-sufficient as to power and territory and wise enough to recognize that their own interest lies in serving the general interest; then a system of justice, in which no nation is a judge in its own cause, and one in which the great as well as the small voluntarily accept the limitation of their sovereignty; and finally the enforcement of law on a neighborhood basis.
>
> But before this system can function the first prerequisite is that the people constituting the states with the greatest power shall know that they must never again fear war more than they fear injustice. For if they do, they will get the war and it will be a great one. If they do not, they can keep future wars little ones, while most of those that threaten can be avoided altogether.

Looking at these words objectively, this reviewer holds that they offer nothing that promises a permanent peace, for the simple reason that the history of the past proves sufficiently that great powers can sit on the lid only so long as they are in perfect accord among themselves, a situation that seldom exists long after the ill effects of a war have worn off. The human race has a peculiar way of forgetting. For each generation the history of the world begins again. What went before few care about. The lessons of history seldom sway the trends within a nation. Experience is usually the only teacher, and not the experiences of grandfather or father, but our own. We are all tired of war now, and we all have our ideas about a peace for the postwar world. Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that the millennium is about to dawn on this earth. The world is in a sorry mess. We ask only this that when the peace is made it be a realistic one and that the Lord may give the nations leaders who will seek to make it last as long as possible.

Is Sweden Neutral?

STALWART SWEDEN. By Joachim Joesten. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., New York. 1943. Price, $2.50.

How did Sweden, surrounded by countries at war, remain neutral? That question has no doubt crossed the minds of many. Joachim Joesten presents a very satisfactory answer.

The author sketches the geographic and historic background of Sweden, and against it he portrays the economic, social, and political conditions of that country. In this setting he makes his observations and interpretations.

The reader who shares the apparently widespread tendency in America to believe that Sweden is strong pro-Ally-minded will be disillusioned. The author presents data which show Sweden's neutrality to be a very flexible concept.

Swedes in high political and social positions have leaned toward the Reich and the Nazi leaders. Nazi pressure has made Sweden a source of indispensable war materials, especially iron, for the Reich. Prominent Swedes, outstandingly the multi-millionaire Axel L. Wenner-Gren, have played the role of appeasers to the extent that they were blacklisted in pro-Allied countries.

Sweden had the reputation of being a haven where democracy had attained to enviable heights. Her social and labor legislation had placed her in the front ranks of the democracies, and her freedom of press had international repute. But Nazi pressure during the past several years has reduced some of Sweden's great democratic principles to mere shams.

In the light of the author's revelations, which he guarantees to be authentic, Sweden is today an uneasy fence-sitter whose policy as a neutral nation has been far from heroic. The author points to the possibility of an Allied invasion of Norway. This raises the question: What will Sweden do in such an event if the Nazis will request permission to move troops and supplies through Swedish territory? If such permission is granted, Sweden may find herself at war with the Allies; if not, she may have to break with the Nazis.

Joachim Joesten has been for six years a foreign correspondent in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland and has written for French, Belgian, Swiss, British, and American newspapers and magazines. At present he is an editor on the foreign desk of *Newsweek* magazine.

Cavalcade Novel

O RIVER, REMEMBER! By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead, and Company, New York. 1943. $2.50.

IN this novel Martha Ostenso traces through three generations – from 1870 to Pearl Harbor—the conflict between two types of people in their use of a new world, in this case the newly opened Red River Valley in Minnesota. One type, which she equates with the "artist," seeks to possess only what land he can till, and is glad and generous. The other type seeks large holdings for power and profit, regardless of the welfare of others. The characters are constituted to illustrate these two attitudes.

The archetype of the first group is Kate Shaleen, who, with her spiritual descendants Rose and Norma Shaleen, is a charming, though tenuous, incarnation of Ireland's "Dark Rosaleen," and Ivar Vinge, a sturdy Norwegian farmer, whose spirit persists in two of his children, Karsten and Solveig, and in his grandson Brill. Continually obstructing and circumventing these persons are Ivar's devious and ruthless wife, Magdali, her brother Roald, and their disciples. The story is told in retrospect, as the Ivar and Kate of this genera-

tion determine to make their spirit prevail, even in the world of December, 1941.

This book betrays certain weaknesses apparently ineradicable from the "cavalcade" type of novel. The multitude of minor characters are unsatisfactory because they are necessarily sketchily drawn; some, in fact, appear as briefly as persons in "case histories." And the time given to these is subtracted from that which we would willingly spend with the major characters, who remain oversimplified. In the maze of the *dramatis personae* the explicit theme of the book loses urgency without a complementary development of an appreciation of life's plenty.

Miss Ostenso is justifiably proud of her "painstaking gathering of historical material from all possible sources." The careful documentation of the book is impressive and of interest apart from the story.

ALICE R. BENSEN

Vivid Verse

NEW POEMS 1943: An Anthology of British and American Verse. Edited by Oscar Williams. Howell, Soskin, Publishers, New York. 1943. 325 pages. $2.75.

"THIS," the compiler makes clear, "is an anthology of war poetry, not of propaganda to arouse patriotism. It is the current work of poets who have felt intensely the fact of war, whether their subject matter be swans or strawberries, rifles or love." Forty poets are represented.

The physically hideous aspects of the war appear in short allusions in a large number of these poems. But there are no full pictures of these horrors, such as appeared in many of the later poems of World War I, when several young men resolved to present to civilians the realities of trench warfare. Two reasons for this fact suggest themselves. One is negative: the descriptions given by the poets of 1916-18, the novelists of the twenties and thirties, and present-day journalistic photographers have already given civilians a fairly adequate picture of war's physical horrors: The other is positive: contemporary poets, regarding physical suffering as a result, are concerned rather with causes—mental and spiritual ills.

Those poets who make passing allusions to the facts of warfare have realized these facts very vividly. There is Cecil Day Lewis' "a whole town wince And thump," and "the shattered ship's boat low in the trough Oars weakly waving like a beetle overturned"; Oscar Williams' "bombs were planting their bushes of blood and mud"; and Gene Derwood's drowning boy who drenches "With water the plum-rich glory of your breast Where beat the heart escaping from war's luck."

George Barker terms the world "my pig-faced kingdom" in one of the many poems of the collection that present the stupidity, selfishness, and fear which corrode mankind in peacetime and foment war:

. . . . the real enemy is never there
Pinned akimbo on the gun-sight, but in the cause.

W. H. Auden finds the new-born baby already a little Fascist in his attitude toward his mother. John Malcolm Brinnin points out the shallowness of our intellectual interests. John Berryman meditates upon "the possible hero," "the casual man," whom he found once ragged and "huddled against woe" under the arching equestrian statue of a declared hero on Boston Common. Probing to underlying causes, few of the poems inveigh against specific abuses.

With the exception of a few ballads and rather obvious polemics, these poems continue the inter-war tradition of "difficultness," which grew from the complex attitudes and widely mixed audiences of the times. They are packed with complex figures of speech. W. R. Rodgers' "Spring Day" buds with surprises like an April garden:

> There the hare, bound after bound,
> Concertinas all the ground. . . .

Technical terms from science and philosophy are freely used; psychological theory, in particular, is the basis of many figures. The poems of Auden and Barker especially exhibit these characteristics; Barker's poems are probably the most powerful in the book. The complex perceptions of E. E. Cummings, William Empson, and Robert Lowell are vented in wry comedy.

Although Dunstan Thompson declares that the poet's task has changed in wartime:

> Not private poems, but public brawls
> Demand a drumbeat history, the pulse
> that must increase
> Until his heart is ransomed from its
> jewel. . . .

nevertheless, most of the poems in the collection, including his own, treat of these public brawls with individual subtle reflections.

ALICE R. BENSEN

The Great Enigma

MOTHER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran. Garden City, New York. 1943. 395 pages. $3.50.

To most of us, Russia is the great enigma; to Hindus, she is the "Great Fact." Most of us realize our debt to Russia, distrusting her at the same time. Hindus reminds us of our debt, emphasizing his complete faith in future Anglo-Saxon Russian relationships. Our statesmen shall and must, in his words, "... evolve a common formula and a common policy not of internal accommodation and administration—that is now unthinkable—but of external or international partnership."

The thesis of *Mother Russia* is that this ally of ours is an introvert among nations, bent upon improving herself and achieving unanimity. Hindus cannot see Russia as an aggressor in this century or the next; her ideologies will be forced upon no peoples; her own citizenry needs and desires only peace after twenty-five years of internal and external strife.

All of this shouts to advocates of American isolation that Hindus is pro-Russian, which, of course, is true. But whether we feel called upon to support or to condemn his ideas is

unimportant. The book is not propaganda; its sympathies are too evident. Rather it is, in its expository passages, the best panoramic view to date of the immense organism which is Russia, of its people, its history, its tradition.

In the pages of *Mother Russia,* Hindus takes us into the worker's home, introducing us to common men who have become martyrs to the Cause. We meet old people and young children. We feel as the Russians feel; we think as they think. We learn about their economy, their society, and their religion. We visit Baku, Moscow, Stalingrad. We travel on trains and river boats. Thus Hindus sees the country from the vantage point only an experienced observer would use: his evidence comes from the peasant's hut, not from the Kremlin.

The subjective element in *Mother Russia* is important if it will serve to make Americans ponder the entire Russian problem. Hindus makes much of these points, among several: that the violent means by which the country became a world power were justified by the end; that, barring unforeseen situations, the likelihood of war between America and Russia is slight; that the Dictatorship, which he declares to have been very beneficial, must continue until Russian industry and agriculture are able to support her people; that all prejudice toward Russia should be removed because she "... is too important, too powerful, and much too necessary for a decent reconstruction of the world ... to be hated, to be feared, or to be held in contempt." Obviously, it would be foolish to accept these ideas as absolute truths. It would be equally shortsighted to ignore them.

Being Russian-born, Hindus knows his native country and its people. Considering his standing as a reputable journalist, we may assume that his reporting is authentic. A realization of these things adds stature to the book.

WILLIAM LOY

Our Chinese Friends

THREE TIMES I BOW. By Carl Glick. Whittlesey House, New York. 1943. 259 pages. $2.50.

THERE is in Mr. Glick's book on New York's Chinatown a little too much condescension toward the American-Chinese to make it a really important study. The book is amusing and entertaining, but it presents our Chinese neighbors more as cute little yellow brothers than as the courageous, enlightened, and peaceable people they really are. In spite of Mr. Glick's obvious affection for his Chinese friends, one rather feels that he is showing them off in the hope that they will act quaintly and say clever things. Mr. Kung, a young Chinese now in the United States Army, does just this in his long letters to the author, and one is apt to become a trifle impatient with his cuteness. He is an extremely intelligent and well-educated young man, and no doubt his letters to his wife and to his Chinese friends are vastly more sincere and less coy. Normally, a beloved person loses that quality

which sets him apart and makes him different from ourselves, whether it be his beauty, his ugliness, his color or his creed, and becomes simply another human being; but Mr. Glick never forgets, nor does he allow his readers to forget, that the friends he is discussing are Chinese.

There is a great deal in Mr. Glick's book that is worthwhile and interesting. Two of his chapters, one on music and one on the drama, are very instructive. Most of us who have heard Chinese music have found it strange. Perhaps this is because Chinese music is devoid of harmony. Each player in an orchestra simply carries the melody on his own instrument often, according to Mr. Glick, not in the strictest tempo. The result is monotonous, thin, and, to our untutored ears, lacking in vitality. The Chinese, however, find it stimulating, for there are in New York's Chinatown hundreds of music clubs where business men, teachers, bootblacks, and newsboys gather every evening to blow, toot, scrape, and bang away in happy unison until early morning. These innocent music clubs are often pointed out to tourists as dens of the blackest iniquity, for they are usually situated in some out-of-the-way place—at the end of a long dark alley or in a dreary basement room.

The Chinese theatre has, of course, been the object of much scholarly attention. Mr. Glick, however, makes no effort to be scholarly when he writes of the theatre. He is interested rather in presenting the deep love and the realistic attitude of the Chinese toward the drama. A Chinese drama is presented with extreme simplicity. There are no stage settings, and all necessary properties, such as swords, whips, glasses, etc., are handed to the actors by a nonchalant property man who wanders on and off the stage throughout a performance. Since a Chinese drama is likely to run on for hours, the average theatregoer arrives late in the evening well supplied with games, basket lunches, beer, and merry companions to chat with when the play lags. When a favorite actor appears on the stage, when a popular role is played, or when a well-known speech is read, the games are put aside, and the audience listens attentively. A night at the Chinese theatre is a highly sociable evening, and one can take the play or leave it.

Read *Three Times I Bow* some quiet evening, smile over it, and then pass it on to a provincial friend who still thinks about the Chinese in terms of "Chinky, chinky, Chinaman."

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Family Portrait

CENTENNIAL SUMMER. By Albert E. Idell. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1943. 426 pages. $2.75.

FOR those who have read and enjoyed Clarence Day's *Life With Father, Centennial Summer* will strike a highly reminiscent chord. Father Rogers of this novel is very much like the bellowing, blustering, blunt, but sentimental and adoring head of the Day family, and Mother Rogers

and the children twine him around their fingers with the wiles and subterfuges so successfully used by Mother Day. Augustina Rogers, the mother, is Italian, however, and she has a temper far less controlled than Vinnie Day's. When really aroused, she lights into her husband with such abandon and with such choice invective that Papa squirms with discomfort and the reader thoroughly enjoys seeing him "told-off."

THE Rogers family of Philadelphia is in no way the ordinary American family of 1876. The combination of American Quaker and Italian Catholic is an extremely combustible one, and the children resulting from this union actively reflect the combined traits of their parents. Venie, the oldest daughter, combines an arrogant Italian beauty with Quaker hardheadedness; Julia, the gentle one, is the pious Catholic—but only up to a certain point; the twins, Gene and Henry, still adolescents, are Father's favorites, for they look like him, act like him, and bully him.

In spite of these conflicting personalities, the Rogers family lives peaceably enough, with only a minimum of flying china and slamming doors, until Aunt Zena and her handsome French nephew Philippe arrive in Philadelphia from Paris to attend the great Centennial Exposition. Then hat pins flash like stilettos, and the Rogers household resounds with the sobbing of hysterical women and the shouts of infuriated men. The two older Rogers daughters vie noisily for the affection and fortune of Philippe, Aunt Zena casts sheep's eyes at her handsome brother-in-law with annoying but not disastrous results, and, worst of all, Aunt Zena's unfortunate gifts to the family, a toy fountain and a pair of Dachshund puppies, precipitate the family into a scene of such unrestrained wrath that real tragedy almost follows. With the aid of Gene, however, all difficulties are smoothed over. Zena stalks out of her sister's house, hurt, but flattered at being considered a menace; the right daughter gets Philippe; the Dachshunds are exonerated, and Father regains his place as head of his turbulent family.

Centennial Summer is by no means a novel of great importance, but it is well written and it is great fun to read. The Rogers family become the reader's friends, and he will remember long and affectionately the cook, the maid, Father Duffy, and Zenie's assorted suitors.

Mr. Idell's Philadelphia of 1876 makes a real and interesting background for his story, and his descriptions of Philadelphia's distinctive foods and customs are both amusing and heart-warming.

One passage of Mr. Idell's book deserves quotation, not because it expresses an original idea, but because it can not be too often repeated and reflectively read by husbands everywhere. It is Mrs. Rogers who gives expression to this important thought when she says: "I declare, the man will drive me raving crazy. All he does is snoop, snoop, snoop. Of all the calamities visited upon womankind, the presence of a man around

the house during working hours is the worst. I tell you, Mary, what I have put up with from that this week would try the patience of a saint."

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Nazis Past, Present, and Future

THE HIDDEN ENEMY: The German Threat to Postwar Peace. By Heinz Pol. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1943. 281 pages. $3.00.

HEINZ POL, formerly assistant editor of the *Vossische Zeitung,* is a sworn enemy of the Nazis of today, the Nazis of yesterday, and the Nazis of tomorrow. Naziism, argues Mr. Pol, is merely another term to represent the aims and the ideals of pan-Germanism, which as long ago as 1890 set forth as its three objectives:

(1) Stimulation of the national awareness by struggling against all tendencies opposed to the national movement.

(2) Cultivation and support of German minorities, so as to win adherents to German-national aspirations in all countries.

(3) Promotion of an active German policy in Europe and overseas.

Hitler has laid down his credo in *Mein Kampf,* and many think that what he has proclaimed and expounded in his none-too-elegant and decidedly wordy style emerged full-grown from his own feverishly active brain. But originality of thought is the least of the *Führer's* achievements. In 1913 one Heinrich Class, president of the Pan-German League, published a book entitled *If I Were the Kaiser.* This was the "Nazi Bible" before World War I, even though at that time the term "Nazi" had not yet been invented. Class explained that his country needed a *Führer* whose business it would be "to eradicate the democratic way of life in Germany.... The last words of his book were: 'We await the *Führer.* Patience, patience, he will come. Persevere, work, and unite.' "

Pan-Germanism called for a mighty army, an invincible army, the most powerful army in the whole world. After the defeat in 1918 it succeeded admirably in keeping alive the spirit of militarism in spite of the *Diktat* of Versailles. "Militarism," as Mr. Pol correctly reasons, "is not a matter of mere numbers." The militarists in Germany gave careful thought to the fervid demagoguery of Hitler, concluded that he was their man, and elevated him to the position of dictatorship. He was, and is, their tool. They will use him as long as they see fit. When he has outlived his usefulness to pan-Germanism, they will cast him aside as rubbish cumbering the pan-Germanic earth. Friedrich Wilhelm von Bernhardi expressed the Nazi spirit long before Hitler's time. Even before the Nazi era many of the apostles of pan-Germanism were anti-Christian and took refuge in spiritualism, in alchemy, and, like Hitler, in astrology. "Everything today described as typical Nazi ideology or Hitlerite philosophy," declares the author of *The Hidden Enemy,* "was a completely developed doctrine by the time of the First World War."

When Germany was brought to her knees in 1918, the pan-Germans saw to it that liberals and Social Democrats, not the generals, signed the armistice and the peace. As a result of this, the militarists felt free to continue their machinations, and, a few years later, Hitler shouted from the housetops day in and day out that Germany had not been beaten on the field of battle but had been betrayed by some of her own wayward sons. The German army, proclaimed the No. 1 Nazi and his fellows, had not been destroyed; hence there had been no defeat in the true and distinctively German sense of the word.

What happened after 1918? Militarism, which, as Mr. Pol asserts, is by no means a matter of mere numbers, continued to flourish surreptitiously in Germany until, under Hitler, it rose to hitherto unscaled heights of prestige and might. It struck again in 1939, and today, assiduously fostered as it is by pan-Germanism even in the face of a certain United Nations victory, it is laying its plans for World War III. Just as the *Reichswehr* of 1919 created the Germany of the present time, so the hard-headed pan-Germans of today and tomorrow will bend every effort to bring into being a vastly more powerful nation than the one which is now rushing headlong to defeat under the leadership of Hitler—unless, of course, the Nazis behind the Nazis, the men "who are right now jockeying themselves into positions which will permit them not only to liquidate the Third Reich but also to rule the Fourth Reich," either disappear from the face of the earth or are taught a lesson so drastic in its effectiveness that megalomania and a lust for conquest will vanish forever from their hearts and their brains. Mr. Pol declares that Germany "has never undergone a real revolution." It is his conviction that the country must rid itself of its overambitious leaders and must *re-educate itself*. "An army of foreign teachers," he says, "will never do."

Irresponsible Nazi

THIS MAN RIBBENTROP: His Life and Times. By Dr. Paul Schwarz. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1943. 303 pages. Illustrated. $3.00.

JOACHIM RIBBENTROP was not born great; neither has he become great —except in arrogance, duplicity, unbalanced statesmanship, and habitual villainy. The *von* which he has been using since 1925 was not part of his name when he entered this world; the title was appropriated much later in the man's life from an "Auntie" Gertrude by means which, at least up to the year 1932, the *Almanach de Gotha* had not considered altogether free from a none-too-pleasant smell.

Von Ribbentrop has tried in the sweat of his brow to thrust greatness upon himself, and ever since his rise to a position of power among the bigwigs of Nazidom his friends and boon companions have been tempting fate in strenuous efforts to force the world at large to look upon him as a master-statesman; but Joachim's career proves beyond peradventure that

no man, not even an Adolf Hitler, has the ability to transform a sow's ear into a silk purse. Ribbentrop has seen visions and dreamed dreams; yet, as the author of the book on his life and times puts it, he

> always has a tendency to anticipate his dreams and to behave as if there were neither fate nor his own inadequacy between himself and their realization.

Joachim "collected castles whose owners were butchered in Dachau" while "the big castle of the German imagination was blown to pieces by the gutter language of Adolf Hitler." When, shortly before the outbreak of World War II, some of the statesmen of Eastern Europe showed a disinclination

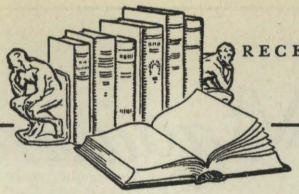
> to be hauled, when their time had come, to Berlin or Berchtesgaden and there be submitted, as happened to Schuschnigg and Hacha, to the concentrated persuasive efforts for which the Gestapo, impersonated by Hitler and Ribbentrop, is famous,

then this upstart—who had made money as a champagne salesman, had gloried lustily in foppery, had accepted favors from Jews and then turned upon the "non-Aryans" with fiendish fury, had presided over the notorious *Büro Ribbentrop,* had served for a time as the Third Reich's ambassador to England, and finally had been elevated to the rank of Foreign Minister—had the effrontery to accuse those statesmen of "promoting unreasonable tendencies." Dr. Paul Schwarz declares:

> This man, who in vain tried to outplutocrat the plutocrats of Berlin under the Weimar Republic, used a movement that stank of the vulgar herd he despised in order to attain the social triumphs which he so naively paraded throughout Europe. There is no genuine trait in him. All of his life is an attempt to "get even" with someone or something; to vent his spleen against one social group after the other where his ambitions and gifts were not appropriately recognized.

The author of *This Man Ribbentrop* served Germany as a diplomatic official on five continents. Since he was not at all in sympathy with the policies and the practices of the Third Reich, he renounced his allegiance to the land of his birth and became a citizen of the United States. He has known Ribbentrop since 1919, and from 1933 until Germany's declaration of war against this country he managed to get news directly from former colleagues in the Foreign Office, which was never "completely taken in" by the ex-salesman of champagne. He warns the reader that the book on the life and times of Ribbentrop "is no record of hero worship" and states bluntly that

> there was never the slightest indication that the great man was ever considered by anybody but his personal henchmen as anything but an irresponsible and reckless nincompoop.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

JANISSSA

By Robert Thomas Newcomb. Destiny Publishers, Haverhill, Mass. 1943. 358 pages. $3.00.

THIS long and involved tale of Egypt and Palestine takes us back to the dawn of the Christian Era. The reign of the Emperor Vespasian was a period of great violence and unrest and of flagrant immorality. Although the persecution of the "troublesome" followers of Jesus of Nazareth had abated, Vespasian was ever on the alert for any evidence of disloyalty to the state on the part of this strange new sect. Much more troublesome were the natives of the province of Judea. Smarting under the heavy yoke of Roman domination, Jewish patriots—notably the fanatical Zealots —were involved in an endless chain of political intrigue. Again and again Vespasian was forced to stamp out fresh flames of insurrection until, in the year 70 A.D., the legions of Titus laid waste the Holy City, Jerusalem, and brought about the destruction of the Jewish nation.

Unfortunately, Robert T. Newcomb has not restricted himself to a portrayal of this colorful and significant age; he has added a highly complicated plot—a plot which is built on a shaky foundation of mysticism and fantasy. *Janissa,* a first novel, was completed just before Lieut. Newcomb enlisted in the United States Army Air Force.

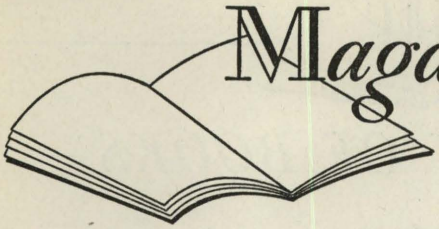
WITHOUT ORDERS

By Martha Albrand. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1943. 282 pages. $2.50.

MARTHA ALBRAND'S well-written new novel offers us a timely and exciting glimpse into battered and war-weary Italy, the unhappy land which has become an important theatre of war. *Without Orders* has many excellent qualities to recommend it to readers of adventure tales: a well-made plot, an appealing love story, characters drawn with a sure hand, and an engrossing and wholly authentic background. European-born, Miss Albrand thoroughly understands Europe and Europeans.

October

Magazines



Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers*

E. Stanley Jones, in the *Christian Century,* treats imperialism, national and international, under the pregnant heading "Sponges on Spearpoints." The trouble with the white man's "generosity" has been that "we are willing to be kind, but we are unwilling to be just." American labor, the Negro, India, the Philippines—all these much-debated issues are subjected to withering criticism. The result is an overture that co-operation, not condescension, govern American policy in the postwar world.

Reinhold Niebuhr's *Nature and Destiny of Man* seems to have started something—in fact, all sorts of things, among them "The War and the Second Coming," by Harris Franklin Rall. Newly awakened hopes for "the kingdom of God on earth" are compared with "the new orthodoxy" in an effort to fix the Christian philosophy of history. This, the author maintains, must offer a creative meaning of history, determine the relation of divine and human in time, and include the social with the historical interpretation.

Pacifism is by no means a dead issue, to judge from "The Pacifist Conscience," a commentary on letters from four C. O.'s. To each of the letters, which present various aspects of the subject, the editors apply their familiar thesis that objectors to military service face an impossible dilemma: either to disregard their conscience, which they cannot very well do as Christians; or to refuse any connection with the war effort, which they cannot very well do as Americans.

"The Dawn Is a Long Way Off"—thus Harry Lorin Binsse, in *Commonweal,* portrays America's racial problem. To bring the dawn a bit closer, the writer suggests, and then presents, a re-examina-

tion on the basis of the economic approach, which places responsibility both upon the Negro and upon the white. After principles comes practice: repeal of poll taxes, revised labor laws, housing. An objective view of "the psychology of servitude" takes up the final paragraphs.

Out of and about the night that covers Italy comes "Roman Night" by C. G. Paulding. Both the emotional and the political aspects of the situation come into view. A verbal montage of the *plebs Romana* after Mussolini's exit is followed by a frank statement of the problem: fascism is out, but anti-fascism is not in. The only anti-fascists are revolutionaries, and these the United Nations oppose. To help Italy, we must first understand her.

The Greeks had a word for it and a message for us, a message stated by George N. Sherman in defense of "The Greek Tradition." A brief discussion of Greece's place in English language and literature prefaces what the author regards as the essence of ancient Greece: a search for truth, as manifested in the tragedies. And in the modern departure from the message of Athens he sees why propaganda succeeds today. The article closes with the allusive suggestion that "it was in the midst of a revolutionary and very chaotic world that John Keats first looked into Chapman's Homer."

"We kept our faith, on the whole, in our political system. And for us, as for Luther, faith alone justified. But this is dangerous doctrine economically as well as theologically"—such is Francis Downing's sketch of American socio-political thought in "Security and Incentive." The article is a comparison of the Beveridge plan and the N.R.P.B. Report. We are told that the former is more adequate, truly a "cradle to the grave" proposition; and that the latter is merely an extension of social security, with education and monopoly control left out. The relation between the American and British plans, as well as the Church's attitude toward them, will bear watching. We shall see.

Kyle Crichton, in *Collier's,* directs attention to the tremendous losses which our country suffers by fire, caused not by sabotage but by carelessness. Here are some figures that deserve careful thought: Last year we had over 700,000 fires, only about 1/20 of them in war plants. About 125,000 were caused by careless smokers, about 100,000 by defective flues, etc., others were caused by defective wiring, careless handling of gasoline, etc. The losses have been especially in foodstuffs. In two food plants the

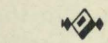
losses represented the annual productive capacity of about 2,000 farmers and more than 150,000 acres of wheat land. Our country holds the world's record for disastrous fires in modern times. It would appear that our safety first training, our cautions in connection with fire prevention week, etc., leave much to be desired in their actual effect on our people.

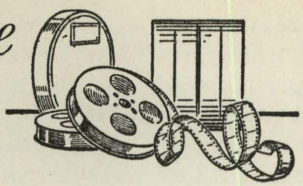
An informative article in the *Saturday Evening Post* tells the story of the Gideons who have been placing the Bible into hotel rooms for years. The Gideons organization is The Christian Commercial Men's Association of America. They have by their work introduced many a traveler to the Bible through the simple psychology that a lonely man in a lonely hotel room will turn to it for companionship, and many have been converted to Christianity, as the records of the Gideons show. The presence of the Bible in hotel rooms has also proved to be a protection of hotel property, reducing the petty thievery of ash trays, towels, bath mats, etc. . . . *Woman's Home Companion* took a poll among its readers on the question whether women should give up their war work and stand aside when the boys come home from the war. Three out of four replied in the affirmative. Among the excellent reasons given for this position we find that the care of the home and the children is recognized as most important. Only by the careful rearing of children in the home, in which the mother bears the chief responsibility, can juvenile delinquency be counteracted.

In *Fortune,* Joseph M. Jones, formerly of the State Department, drafts "A Modern Foreign Policy" for the United States. He holds that heretofore we have had no definite policy at all but have been guided by "an incongruous mixture of wordy principle and simple expediency." For a century before World War I Britain kept the world relatively peaceful and ensured our security. Henceforth we must do our share on both counts. How? By (1) a postwar four-power alliance among the U. S., Britain, Russia, and China; (2) protection and extension of world freedom; (3) international control of aviation; (4) universal expansion of economic activity and a rising standard of living.— Our reading of the article satisfied us that the State Department has not been seriously crippled by the departure of Mr. Jones. His plan is essentially to continue to play the old game with a new choice of partners according to the old rules, amended with a few pious expressions which will not serious-

ly cut down the profits of those who set their profits above human welfare.

When we began to read "A Going Concern: Some Notes on Britain" by Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic,* and learned that he had been a guest of the British Ministry of Information on his trip, we braced ourselves for an effusion of Anglophilia. We were pleased to find instead what has every appearance of being an objective account of how Britain appeared to an American visitor in July and August. There are glimpses of the ubiquitous women workers, "singularly robin-breasted," broad-hipped, and short-legged; of foods and feeding (particularly on Brussels sprouts); of ruins in bombed areas; of waiting in line; of Englishmen's hopes for the future and their uncertainty; of the British attitude toward America; of the deep-down tiredness of men who have been working hard without intermission for four years. If Weeks has ground an axe for the British, he has done it so noiselessly and unobtrusively that we didn't notice it.



The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

THE motion-picture industry is enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity. Theatres all over the country are crowded for almost every performance and for almost every picture, regardless of theme or quality. A similar situation obtains in the legitimate theatre. This does not mean that entertainment, by and large, has taken a gratifying upward swing. Quite the contrary. From cash customers and critics alike loud and vigorous "squawks" are being heard in ever increasing volume. Mr. A is fed up with propaganda and war pictures. So is Mr. B—not, however, because he objects to the theme but because he disapproves of, and is disappointed in, the painfully inept manner in which this difficult subject matter has been presented.

War and propaganda *are* difficult subjects. In one way or another each of us is a part of the living drama, unsurpassed anywhere in art or literature, which is being enacted on the greatest of all stages. Every day and every hour newspaper headlines and radio programs carry poignant stories of suffering, sacrifice, heroism, and devotion. Small wonder, then, that the imagination of man fails in the stupendous task of capturing in words, or re-creating in pictures, either the full horror or the shining glory of the travail which has come upon the world.

Mr. A and Mr. B are equally emphatic in their refusal to find palatable the cream puff and champagne—ghastly combination, that—antidote which Hollywood offers them. Musical films, no matter how lavishly done in bright technicolor, begin to pall after the umpteenth offering cut over one and the same pattern. Really good comedies have been few and far between.

Let's draw a heavy black mark through the long list of "chillers" and "thrillers." The most of them have been very dull, and all have been undesirable entertainment for the thousands and thousands

of children who so eagerly flock to see them. Unfortunately, there seems to be little chance that Frankenstein and his only slightly less sensational buddies will be retired from the screen at an early date.

So we have every reason to "squawk," and we do "squawk." What happens? Not much of anything—as long as the cash keeps rolling in. The powers that control the movie world will undoubtedly continue the current practice of rushing into production every time a United Nations victory brings a new name or a new locale into the limelight. It seems safe to predict that, no matter when, what, or where this may be, Hollywood will recast it to fit a penny fire-cracker mould and that not just one or two or three studios will use the mould. No such luck! Simultaneously, or in turn, every producer will have at it! We'll keep on having jive and jitterbug films too; for M-G-M alone has eight famous name bands under contract.

Fortunately for all of us, there will be a few really fine pictures too, just to remind us of the almost limitless *possibilities* of this most obstreperous infant art form.

One such welcome oasis in the arid wastes of recent film releases is *This is the Army* (Warner Bros., Michael Curtiz). The screen version of Irving Berlin's famous army show is excellent entertainment. But it is much more than that. It is a bit of Americana—a nostalgic page from the past and a touching paragraph from the annals of today. Mr. Berlin's ear-catching tunes, the fresh, contagious vitality of the lads in uniform, their gay good humor, and their engaging and thoroughly American cockiness make an irresistible combination. The Broadway presentation of *This is the Army* featured an all-soldier cast. For the sake of continuity and to link together World War I and the present conflict Warner Bros. have added a handful of prominent civilian actors and a very slight plot. All the proceeds from *This is the Army* have been earmarked for Army Emergency Relief. During its stay on Broadway and on a nation-wide tour the stage version earned close to $2,000,000. Mr. Jack L. Warner believes that the screen presentation will add at least $10,000,000 to this sum. Mr. Berlin, the producer, the director, most of the principals, and many of the theatre craftsmen, including "prop" men, designers, and costumers, donated their services to this ambitious and praiseworthy undertaking.

Bataan (M-G-M, Tay Garnett) recalls tragic memories of defeat and despair, of dark days in which a mere handful of Americans dug themselves in and heroically

fought delaying actions against overwhelming odds.

So Proudly We Hail (Paramount, Mark Sandrich) serves to remind us that there were American women on Bataan and Corregidor and that they, too, carried on gallantly and faithfully despite the furious assaults of the Japanese forces and the terrible suffering which resulted from exhaustion, lack of food, and inadequate medical supplies.

Both releases are far better than the average war film. *Bataan* almost achieves the force and the simplicity of a documentary; *So Proudly We Hail* is a bit cluttered with unnecessary and utterly unconvincing details—particularly the part written for Veronica Lake.

A well-made plot, excellent acting, and a gratifying absence of would-be comedy relief gets *Pilot No. 5* (M-G-M, George Sidney) off to a good start and keeps it winging smoothly along until the end of the picture is in sight. Then—bingo! and bang!—it explodes by crashing the same old "prop" plane into the same old Japanese aircraft carrier. You all know the plane and the carrier; they haven't had any rest since Pearl Harbor.

There isn't much bombing in *Bomber's Moon* (20th Century-Fox); but there is practically everything else which we expect to find in a wartime thriller. Spies and conspirators, crash landings and prison camps and a hitchhike across Germany, to say nothing of a cute little plot to kill the British Prime Minister. All very fancy—and very, very phony.

Once again the story of the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich and the subsequent destruction of the village of Lidice is told in *Hitler's Madman* (M-G-M, Douglas Sirk). Isn't it a mistake to make sensational use over and over again of the tragedy which befell Lidice? The world will not soon forget the appalling bestiality of the German "Hangman" nor the savage and wanton cruelty which wiped an entire village off the face of the earth. The massacre at Lidice will live forever in infamy.

Based on James R. Young's recent book of the same name, *Behind the Rising Sun* (RKO-Radio, Edward Dymtryk) is clearly designed to rouse the American people to even greater fury against the Japanese. Perhaps there are still citizens in our land who need to be bludgeoned into a realization of the cruelty of a dangerous foe. I'd prefer to think, however, that thoughtful men and women have long since recognized the true character of a vicious and fanatical enemy. *Behind the Rising Sun* largely defeats its own purpose because it would make its point through an overwhelming

weight of sheer horror. Thus it becomes just another spectacular "horror" picture. Grade B and very much so.

Three top-flight singing stars and one brash newcomer contribute musical films to the current cinema scene. Nelson Eddy, all done up in dark hair and dark eyebrows, appears in an elaborate filming of Gaston Leroux's mystery story, *The Phantom of the Opera* (Universal). A costume picture done in technicolor and further enhanced by fine singing and colorful opera sequences, *The Phantom of the Opera* offers good escapist entertainment. It should be popular.

Hers to Hold (Universal, Frank Borzage) presents Deanna Durbin in a charming but innocuous and none-too-credible role. Miss Durbin has the able support of Joseph Cotten and several carefully plotted opportunities to break into song. Escape picture No. 2.

Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M, Norman Taurog) falls into the same category. In the title role of this screen version of Booth Tarkington's well-known novel Judy Garland turns in a good performance; but her acting, as well as that of every member of an able supporting cast, is overshadowed by that of Van Heflin.

Mr. Big (Universal) introduces cocky young Donald O'Connor. Loud, long, and lean, this picture is designed exclusively for the boogie-woogie trade.

Brought to the screen for the third time in twenty years, Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph* (Warner Bros., Edmund Golding) still retains surprising charm and vitality. The story is an engaging one, the cast is fine, and the direction is excellent. Joan Fontaine, in the role of Tessa, overcomes a tendency to stress too much the coltishness usually attributed to adolescence and achieves a sensitive and polished performance.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

A Soldier's Wife

Sir:

As I write, October days are not very far away. Already the sun is dazzling, and the nights are cool. The stars are sharply pointed. It is at this time every year that I feel the beginning of something new. This is my time for clearing out the debris of past seasons. It is time now, I think, to count the blessings in my cup.

There has been a separation in my life this year. That same separation that so many have known—the change in thinking and living that comes with the wearing of khaki. Although my thoughts have not yet been focused on foreign lands, there is always an "I do not know" between us. Every hello has meant a good-bye. The wearing of khaki has meant not using white linens and silver. A symphony or an autumn leaf, a fingernail moon and one star —no longer are they shared. Those moments of beauty and goodness are very personal and very precious, and so, before they are lost they must be transposed into words. A letter becomes an evening's conversation. But there are nights when the thought of writing another letter is appalling—nights when loneliness cries against the shoulder of the moon.

And still, I would not ask that my life be different. I would not wish to change places with anyone. There has been much to learn, intangible and practical.

The discovery that things which need doing can be done alone . . . the working with hands and mind . . . self-confidence and poise. . . .

The control of tongue and temper . . . the acceptance of the inevitable . . . the uselessness of worry . . . patience and serenity. . . .

Increasing love, when you once thought that it could be no greater . . . hopes for the future are built around the present need for each other . . . the coming days together will be made sweet by these days apart . . . thoughtfulness and appreciation. . . .

And when all my fine lessons threaten to tumble down around my head . . . when one word or one song threatens to tear down my fortresses, I find that God has been there before me. . . . He has filled in the cracks and made the wall strong again. . . . He is there to watch for the weak spots, and so I stay near Him . . . faith and peace. . . .

MRS. J. L.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Profanity in the Theatre

Sir:

Why is it that the censorship against the use of profanity which applies on the screen and radio is absent on the legitimate stage? I realize that one reason for this is perhaps the fact that more of the nation's children partake of the first two kinds of entertainment. But why must adult theatregoers be subjected to the soul-jarring use of the Lord's name being taken in vain so much in some well-known plays?

It seems as if playwrights and actors consider it the height of sophistication to bring the name of God lightly into their theatrical conversation. Or is it just a desire to prove to the more or less conservative audience that the theatrical profession is not any too godly? When there seems nothing adequate to say, why don't actors resort to their familiar proclivity for ad libbing? Or are the "Good God's" considered the ultimate in ad libbing?

My husband and I attended six nationally known plays last winter, and while anyone living in this modern world is more or less shockproof, the "My God's," "For God's sakes," and worse which punctuated almost every other sentence of some actors' lines jarred my sensitivity as a Christian. Surely such stuff isn't humor! Rather, it is revolting, low-type gutter language.

A CRESSET READER

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

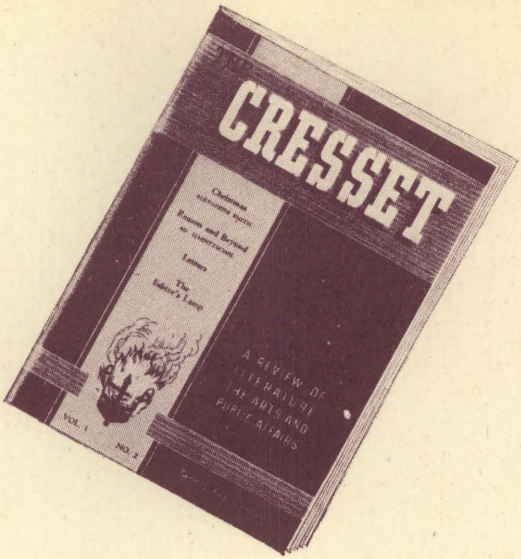
OUR major article this month deals with a subject of more than usual interest. The freedom of religion will be one of the basic issues in the post-war world. In our own country, moreover, the Church must be increasingly on guard to resist the encroachments of the State upon her domain. Mr. Eugene Wengert is a prominent attorney of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and is also a leading Christian layman. He is therefore doubly equipped to speak with authority upon this subject. Mr. Wengert's discussion will be concluded in the December issue of THE CRESSET.

With this issue THE CRESSET begins its seventh year of publication. Despite its short span of existence, it has already been enabled to exert a real influence upon contemporary Christian thought and to assume a respected place in the field of religious journalism. THE CRESSET'S circle of readers is continually growing wider, and we are grateful indeed for the many new friends whom we have gained. It is worthy of mention that today THE CRESSET is finding its way to every part of the world, wherever our armed forces are stationed.

This journalistic birthday affords occasion once again to express a word of sincere thanks to the many loyal friends and supporters who "stood by" in the early years, when THE CRESSET was still a squalling literary infant; who were not dismayed, as time went on, by its frequent manifestations of growing pains; and who will continue to lend their encouragement and support, we are confident, as THE CRESSET advances toward maturity.

Our guest reviewers this month are all familiar to CRESSET readers. They are Patterson McLean Friedrich *(The Little Locksmith; Three Times I Bow;* and *Centennial Summer);* Alice R. Bensen *(Kathrine; O River, Remember;* and *New Poems, 1943);* and William Loy *(Mother Russia).*

For Christmas



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